

**OFFICIAL
WRESTLING**

MAY 1964

A

The Magazine Wrestling Fans Believe In

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OFFICIAL

WRESTLING

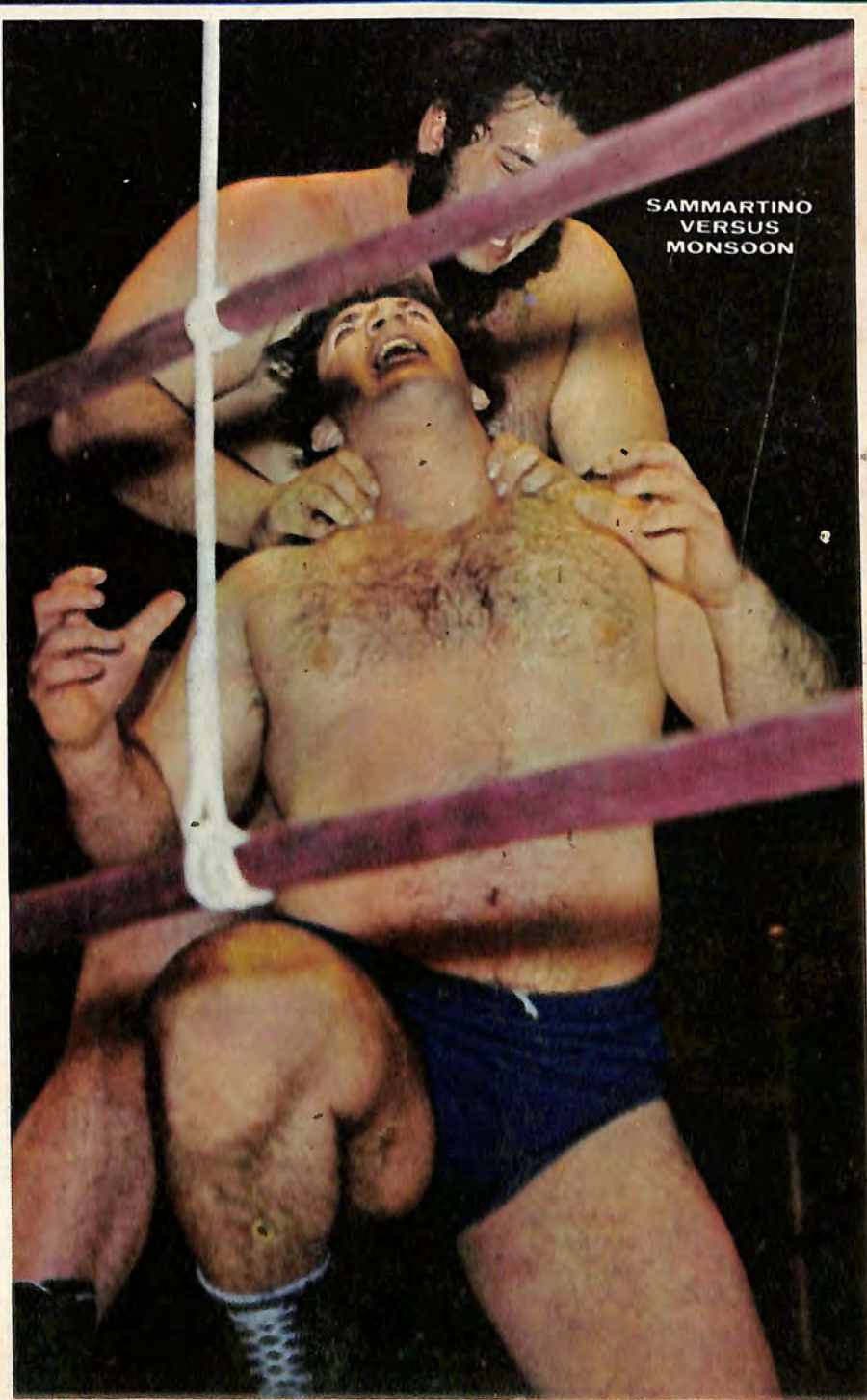
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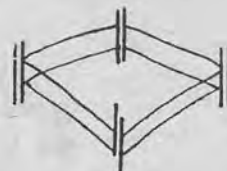
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... and in this corner



IN this issue, we invite your attention
to the proposal put forth by our old
friend Harvey Kapuler in his monthly
column "No Holds Barred." We do so,
because we believe it is rare in the field
of competitive sports that a really bright
idea springs forth. We wish upon
occasion that such ideas struck in this
direction, but we do not envy the fact
that creativity strikes elsewhere. Progress
is, after all, our common goal, and,
whether or not we indicate the direction,
we feel we have the common sense to
follow a path laid down by wiser minds.

Harvey has come up with something we
consider worthy, not only of comment,
but careful consideration by all those who
feel wrestling a vital part of the American
sports scene. Harvey's idea, to be brief, is
closed-circuit, theater television of cham-
pionship wrestling matches.

In case the idea didn't strike home the
first time, we said closed-circuit, theater
television. That means, just as our friends
in the boxing world plunk down a "bob"
or two to see Sonny Liston obliterate
Floyd Patterson in every movie house in
the land, so we think friends of wrestling
will turn out to see Lou Thesz put his
world championship on the line against,
say, Bruno Sammartino. Bruno's not your
boy you say? Then how about Dick the
Bruiser? You may not like him, but from
the wrestlers we talk to, The Bruiser is
as good, or at least as tough as they come.
It makes no matter who your hero is, the
point is, wouldn't you like to see wrestling
attain even wider acceptance than it enjoys
today?

A championship tourney just might bring
this about. And it follows that a cham-
pionship tournament would be profitable
only on a closed-circuit basis, where a
multi-million dollar gate would be pos-
sible. The ramifications of such tourna-
ments on the small, local wrestling club,
are well-taken here. We are interested in
wrestling as a sport and as a cham-
pionship attraction. Closed-circuit exposure
would mean more for all concerned; cer-
tainly the promoter, obviously the wres-
tlers, and most assuredly the folks who
pay the freight—the fans. That's you,
friends; so let us, and your local promo-
ters, know how you stand on this issue.

* * * *

One of the regular features of this pub-
lication is the monthly "Club Corner" in



Don't Spend Your Life on the Sidelines

...WATCHING BIG BRAUNY HE-MEN GRAB THE MOST ATTENTION, THE BEST JOBS, THE PRETTIEST GIRLS!



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Charles Atlas

ARE you "fed up" with seeing the huskies walk off with the best of everything? Sick and tired of being soft, frail, skinny or flabby—only **HALF ALIVE**? I know just how you feel. Because I myself was once a puny 97-pound "runt." And I was so ashamed of my scrawny frame that I dreaded being seen in a swim suit!

The Secret of How I Got My Build

Then I discovered a wonderful way to develop my body fast. It worked wonders for me—changed me from the scrawny "runt" I was at 17, into "The World's Most Perfectly Developed Man." And I can build up **YOUR** body the very same natural way — without weights, springs or pulleys. Takes only 15 minutes a day of pleasant practice, right in the privacy of your room.

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If you're like I was, you want a powerful, muscular, well-proportioned build you can be proud of any time, anywhere. You want the "Greek-God" type of physique that women rave about at the beach—the kind that makes all the other fellows turn green with envy.

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... and in this corner

which our faithful assistant, Mayda Lannik, relates the comings and goings and, of prime importance, the mailings, of wrestling fan clubs from coast to coast. We wouldn't mention this except we know how eager wrestling fans are to keep in touch with other devotees of the mat. Besides, Mayda has been suffering lately from that well-known malady of editors, known in the trade as "lack of mail." In short, keep the gal in touch. You know how ladies abhor waiting.

* * * *

Everytime we are pushed into a corner by some boob with "one too many" and questioned about the status of wrestling as a legitimate sport, we can't help but recall one of our assignments in this hectic and sometimes brutal world of wrestling. It happened in the "big town," a name we fondly use for New York. There was a card at Madison Square Garden and it concerned a young built-like-a-tank wrestler named Tim Woods. The conversation prior to Tim's match was extremely interesting and we had more than enough for a story, but curiosity kept us at ringside. Well, Tim got cut that night, right above the eye, and the same curiosity that kept us at ringside, made us wander back to the dressing rooms to see what went on there. Like all reporters, we pushed into the front of things, and there was Tim, a hulk of a man, being neatly stitched by a doctor.

"So what do you want?" said the doctor irritably.

"Just a reporter," we said, as if that explained everything.

"He's doing a story about me," said Tim sympathetically.

"I don't care if you are writing for the 'good book,'" said the doctor, "get out of here until I'm finished."

So we got out of there. Curiosity didn't kill us. But it taught us a lesson: Wrestlers bleed, just like the rest of us. And doctors are doctors. Thank heavens!

* * * *

Life on the wrestling beat is not all moans and goans and broken bones. A few chuckles come our way, too. The latest was when Mike Gallagher was interviewed after he and his brother Doc had scored an easy victory. The usual question was asked about whether Mike had experienced any unusual difficulty on the road to victory.

"Yes," said Mike. "Perspiration. Our opponents, have been perspiring all over us."

So what did the man expect . . . blood? Don't answer!

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

COMMENTS

I read all the wrestling magazines, but yours is the best. Why? Because you had an article by my favorite wrestler, Bruno Sammartino. He not only wrestles better than anyone, but he can write pretty good, too. Talk all you want about Lou Thesz—Bruno's better in every way. Besides, I'll bet Thesz can't even write his name.

Chicago, Ill.

Anthony Graziano

You lose the bet. Lou has an article in this issue. It's a good one, too.

* * * *

I hate to admit it, but I'm not much of a reader when it comes to magazines. I buy them but mainly I just look at the pictures. Yours are great, especially the ones you had in the last issue on Gino Lanza. He's a doll. And that article, I read every word. Twice. If he really wants to design houses, tell him he can start with mine.

Sacramento, Calif.

Elizabeth Hanle

After he gets through with ours, we'll tell him.

* * * *

In your last issue you had an article that said Man Mountain Cannon was a champion at wrist wrestling, and in another article you had a picture of Don Leo Jonathan having a wrist-wrestling match with another man. Why didn't you match the two to see who would win?

Springfield, Mass.

Alex Botkin

Heck, we just had them in the same issue, not the same room. Chances are, they wouldn't fit in the same room anyway.



* * * *

Who are you trying to kid with the story on that English wrestler? What does he weigh? 160 pounds? And he's going to invade the United States? Hah! No wonder we won the Revolutionary War.

Denver, Colo.

Ward Reed

In Denver?

QUERIES

I notice that in your magazine you refer to Edward Carpentier and not Edouard. He's French, so what's with the Edward? And now that I think of it, I've even seen his name on programs at Madison Square Garden as Eduardo. For gosh sakes what is his name?

Brooklyn, N. Y.

Myron Greengard

We asked him to spell it out for us once, and it went E-D-W-A-R-D, which is the anglicized version of Edouard. As for Eduardo, no habla Espanol . . . but, of course, many New York fans do, and it's a smart promoter, who . . . well, you get the idea.

* * * *

I happen to be a wrestling fan, and therefore always stand up for the game, when my skeptical friends say it is not on the level. The best proof I know is to take them to the matches. That usually convinces them. But there is one area, in which I have little defense. That's the phoney names wrestlers use, such as Dick the Bruiser, the Destroyer, the Sheik, etc. After all, if a man can't wrestle, a name won't do him much good. Besides, some are too ridiculous for words. I mean why didn't Gorilla Monsoon call himself Orangutang Typhoon, instead?

St. Paul, Minn.

Leonard Clarke

Guess, he just didn't have your "dry" wit.

* * * *

I read the story about Fred Blassie in your last issue. I wonder if you checked out the facts he gave you. Is it possible that 25 Japanese fans actually had heart attacks when Blassie wrestled there. It sounds like Fred was trying to pull your reporter's leg. Could this be true?

Columbus, Ohio

E. M. Thomason

As a matter of fact, our man on the coast did check it out with the wire services, and was satisfied there was truth in the statement. Besides, if Blassie was pulling your leg, what would you do?

* * * *

The last two issues, I've enjoyed the articles by Mayda Lannik. She's a terrific writer, and from your descriptions, she must be a good-looking girl. How about a picture of her?

Lubbock, Texas

Claude Davis

You are right. She is a knockout. So's her husband. If you "get" the picture, you'll understand why there is none.

continued on page 8

PUZZLE: FIND AL

Al's got himself lost in his job.

He does his work. He draws his pay. He gripes, and hopes, and waits. But the big breaks never seem to come.

You have to hunt hard for Al. He's in a rut!

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1. Wrote to I.C.S. for their three famous career books.
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The others began to say, "Ask Tom, he knows." The supervisor began to take notice. The boss began to receive reports on Tom's progress. And Tom began to move!

It's a fact worth remembering: An I.C.S. student always stands out!

P.S.—You'll find men like Al everywhere—gripping, hoping, waiting—reading this and skipping on. But forward-looking fellows like Tom will take time to investigate, will mark and mail the coupon and get the three valuable career books free. They're men of action. And a few short months from now, you'll see them start to move!



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- ☐ Mechanical Engineering
- ☐ Reading Shop Blueprints
- ☐ Tool Design
- ☐ Toolmaking
- ☐ Safety Engineering

SECRETARIAL

- ☐ Clerk-Typist
- ☐ Professional Secretary

- ☐ Shorthand
- ☐ Stenographic
- ☐ Typist

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- ☐ Stationary Diesel Engineering
- ☐ Steam Engineering

SUPERVISION

- ☐ Foremanship—Suprv'n
- ☐ Personnel—Lab. Rel'n's

TV-RADIO

- ☐ Radio and TV Servicing
- ☐ Radio-Telephone License
- ☐ TV Technician
- ☐ Practical Radio-TV Engineering

MISCELLANEOUS

- ☐ Textile
- ☐ Other (please specify)

Name _____ Age _____ Sex _____
 Home Address _____
 City _____ Zone _____ State _____
 Occupation _____
 Employed by _____ Working Hours _____ Special low rates to members of U. S. Armed Forces!

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

I enjoy reading Harvey Kapuler's column "No Holds Barred." But one thing that gets me—he's always referring to "my good friend" such-and-such and "my good friend" so-and-so. Doesn't the guy have any bad friends?

Rockaway Beach, N. Y. Lee Colley

Sure he does. You just haven't cracked his code. The such-and-suches are his "good" friends. His "bad" friends are the so-and-so's.

* * * *

Ever since you ran that bit about making up names for wrestlers, I've been racking my brains, trying to come up with a couple. The best I could do was for a lady wrestler. If she was a blonde from Fort Worth then you could call her Yellow Rose from Texas. How about it?

York, Pa. Helen Baxter

The feeling here is that whether she's from Texas, Idaho or Cucamonga, anytime you can call a blonde, you're ahead of the game.

* * * *

I had a friend of mine tell me that wrestling was very big in Brazil, yet I've never seen anything on it in your magazine. What's it like down there?

Charlotte, N. C. Edward Monninger

We'll see what we can dig up . . . Till then, all we can tell you is that there's an awful lot of coffee.

GAFF ON GEIGEL

I like "Official Wrestling" but what a laugh I got from the title of one article. "Geigel's The Greatest . . . He Says." Who else can say it? I never heard of him.

The Bronx, N. Y. Caroline Carmichael

Can we help it if you haven't been listening.



TOURNAMENT TOUTING

Thanks a lot for your listing in "No Holds Barred" of all the men who "claim" the world's championship. Seven, if I recall correctly. It's silly. What I'd like to see is a tournament in which all of them would meet and we'd have one, true champion.

Omaha, Nebraska Glen Andjkar

So would we. See "No Holds Barred" in this issue for Harvey Kapuler's idea for just such a tournament. It's a terrific idea, and if it comes to pass, we'll buy you a couple of ringside seats.

CALENDAR KOOK

There is one thing missing in your magazine. And that is a calendar of coming events and the results of matches for the past month. Why don't you do this for every section of the country. Then you would really have a circulation.

Oakland, Calif. Diane Goldner

And we'd have a magazine that weighed a ton. Besides, there's nothing wrong with our circulation. The fingers get numb from typing every now and then, but aside from that we're in perfect condition.

ANSWER TO ANSWER

I like your magazine a lot. Really! But there is one thing that burns me up. That's the wise answers you write to wrestling fans. If they take the time to sit down and let you know how they feel, you should at least have the courtesy not to make fun of them. You'll probably do the same to this letter, but I don't care. There's no reason why you have to ruin a perfectly fine magazine with a wise mouth, or rather typewriter.

Washington, D. C. Gladys Alterman

Who's wise? We aren't even healthy or wealthy.

FAN BAN

I've got a problem. I don't think there is anything you can do about it, but then again maybe there is. I love wrestling and always have, as both a participant in my school days and as a spectator. But frankly, I can't stand to see a match these days, because of the "sick" fans. You know the ones I mean, the chronic exhibitionists, who always try to start trouble. They should be banned by all promoters from all of the wrestling arenas in the country. They are driving the "true" fans away. You can help, I think, by not printing

material which will incite these "beasts," who are meaner than the worst of the so-called "dirty" wrestlers. There, I've said it.

Lansing, Mich.

Louis Morton

And we've printed it. We feel the general tone of our magazine is a responsible one, and our articles often carry quotes from wrestlers themselves about the way fans should conduct themselves. (See the story on Dr. Jerry Graham in this issue.) But let's face it. There are bad apples in every barrel. Ever run into a really rabid baseball fan? Ever see hockey fans riot? Or worse yet, soccer fans? Wrestling fans are tame in comparison. There may be a nut or two in the crowd, but take heart. Nuts get cracked.



GIRL CRAZY

Glad to see you are including stories on lady wrestlers. We just don't get enough of them, since they are banned here in New York. Isn't there something we can do about this?

Staten Island, N. Y.

George Giles

Sure, you can write to the State Athletic Commission. That will cost you a five-cent stamp. If you're short of cash, read up on Penny Banner in this issue. The letter will get you more action, but looking at Penny's picture makes, you should pardon the pun, more sense.



Your Thinning Hair

... will you do something
about it before friends begin to notice?

How thousands have used
a home plan over the past
16 years to help solve this
problem.

If your hair is thinning or hairline
receding, you are the first to notice.

In the cycle of hair growth a few
hairs fall every day, of course, and in
normal growth their place is eventually
taken by new hairs.

But when you discover many hairs in
your comb, or when shampooing brings
them out, that's "it"!

Generally you notice this hair-thinning
about two years before your friends do,
though they may be thoughtful and
polite enough to keep quiet longer
than that.

Eventually, however, they comment
that "It looks like you have more 'fore-
head' than a year or so ago." Now the
problem has become full blown and...

You wonder what to do

First, let's look into probable causes:

In the hair cycle we've already men-
tioned, the hair roots, or follicles as
they are called, produce hairs, then rest,
and then produce again.

It is believed that thinning of hair,
and balding, are caused in most cases
because follicles do not resume their
production after the resting period.

Here's how all this is technically de-
scribed (underlining, and parenthetical
phrases, are for explanatory emphasis):

"When a follicle approaches the end of
its growth cycle, a club hair is formed above
the bulb and the bulb is largely destroyed,
leaving the follicle much shorter, and hav-
ing a hair germ of undifferentiated cells
(not of specialized form, character and
function), which is the seed for the next



These pictures are not posed by a professional
model. They are actual "before" and "after" pic-
tures of a user of the Home Plan described here.

generation of hair. When activity is set off
again, the simple hair germ rebuilds a bulb
which then manufactures hair and the inner
root sheath again." (When activity isn't set
off again that's when hair thinning starts.)

"During its period of growth, a follicle
produces hair to its fullest capacity and
cannot be pushed beyond its limits. Increased
hair production, then, can only be achieved
by initiating activity in quiescent follicles,
and preventing them from going into the
(permanent) resting state."

How can this be done?

How can this be done, you ask?

Consider the Brandenfels Home Plan
of Scalp Applications and Massage
which have, in 14 years, helped thou-
sands of men and women with scalp
problems, including thinning hair.

The Brandenfels Home Plan for scalp
reconditioning is the use, according to
directions, of two liquid applications,
in conjunction with a special massage
method designed to help dilate blood
vessels in the scalp so that more blood*

* "With ageing there is a progressive transformation of
growing hair follicles into lanugo types (those that pro-
duce fine, short hairs—as on the back of the hand).
The growing hair follicles are richly vascularized (sup-
plied with blood vessels) but the lanugo hairs have only
one or two capillaries associated with their hair bulb."

(Technical quotations on this page are from "The
Biology of Hair Growth," a summary of papers
presented at the London conference on The Biology
of Hair Growth as edited by Drs. William Mon-
tagna and Richard A. Ellis and published by
Academic Press, Inc., New York and London.)

will reach the area. All this is easily done
at home, without expensive office calls.

While results vary from individual to
individual (as with any remedy) be-
cause of systemic differences, general
health and localized scalp conditions,
the Brandenfels Plan offers a real and
tangible prospect of success in a sub-
stantial portion of cases.

Independent state-licensed certified
public accountants have counted and
made affidavits as to over 24,000 testi-
monials in the Brandenfels office, at
their last tabulation.

The four chief benefits specifically
mentioned are:

- Renewed Hair Growth.
- Reduction of Excessive Hair Fall.
- Relief from Dandruff Scale.
- Other Improved Scalp Conditions.

If you, or someone you know, have ex-
cessively falling hair, a rapidly receding
hair line, or other unhealthy scalp con-
ditions, you owe it to yourself, your
family and your business associates to
get full information on the Brandenfels
Home System. Every day you delay may
make your problem just that much
more difficult.

Remember that even on smooth bald
heads hair roots may still be alive and
capable of growing hair again after
proper stimulation. "Increased hair pro-
duction can only be achieved by initi-
ating activity in quiescent follicles—pre-
venting them from going into the
(permanent) resting state."

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now. No agent will call. Address
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Please send me, without any obligation on my
own part, your FREE information on how I can
take hope for new hair.

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MY MOST

UNFORGETTABLE

MOMENTS

by Lou Thesz

Few sports have seen many champions with the talent and durability of wrestling's Lou Thesz. Boxing had its Archie Moore, racing its Eddie Arcaro, baseball its Stan Musial and football its Y. A. Tittle. Despite the heroics of this handful, none of them really stood atop their sports in the twilight of their athletic careers, as does Thesz today. Arcaro could still boot home the "money" horses when he retired, Moore could take out all

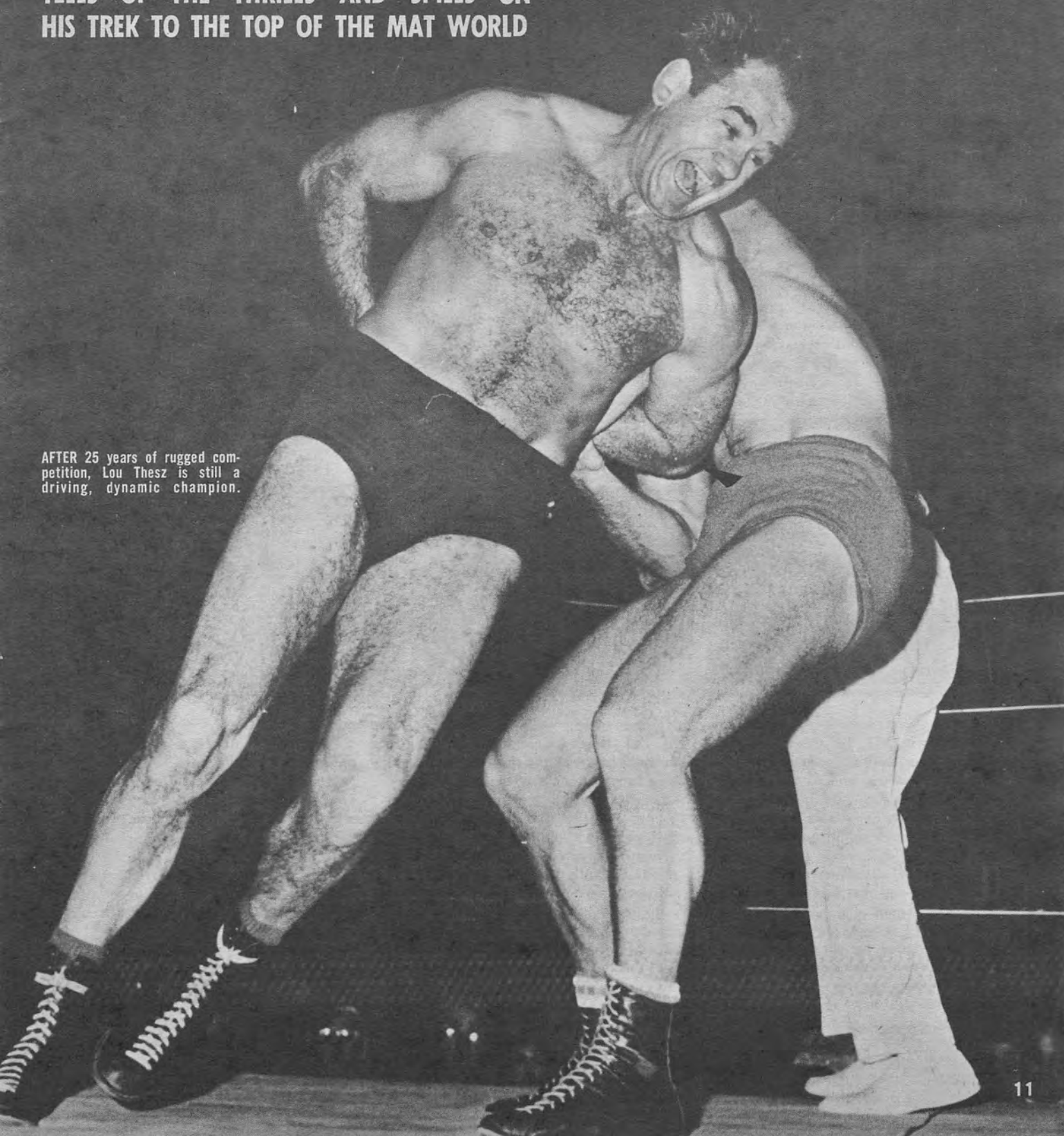
but the best the day he hung up his gloves, while Musial could still bang out a couple of base hits in his final game. Y. A. Tittle, of course, is still competing, and maybe he'll get another chance to compete for a championship, but there is room for doubt.

Of Thesz, there can be no doubt. After two and a half decades, he's still at the top of his game, and not simply by reputation... but through official recognition. In short, he's up

there in a class with fellows like baseball's Ty Cobb and football's Sammy Baugh. As six-time holder of the world's heavyweight championship, he's done something no other man before him accomplished. But more than that, he's become a legend in his own time. One doesn't do that simply by winning championships, but by wearing them with dignity. This, Lou Thesz has done. Therefore, Official Wrestling is proud to present the words of such a man.

**ONE OF WRESTLING'S GREATEST CHAMPIONS
TELLS OF THE THRILLS AND SPILLS ON
HIS TREK TO THE TOP OF THE MAT WORLD**

AFTER 25 years of rugged competition, Lou Thesz is still a driving, dynamic champion.



WHAT is my most unforgettable moment in wrestling?

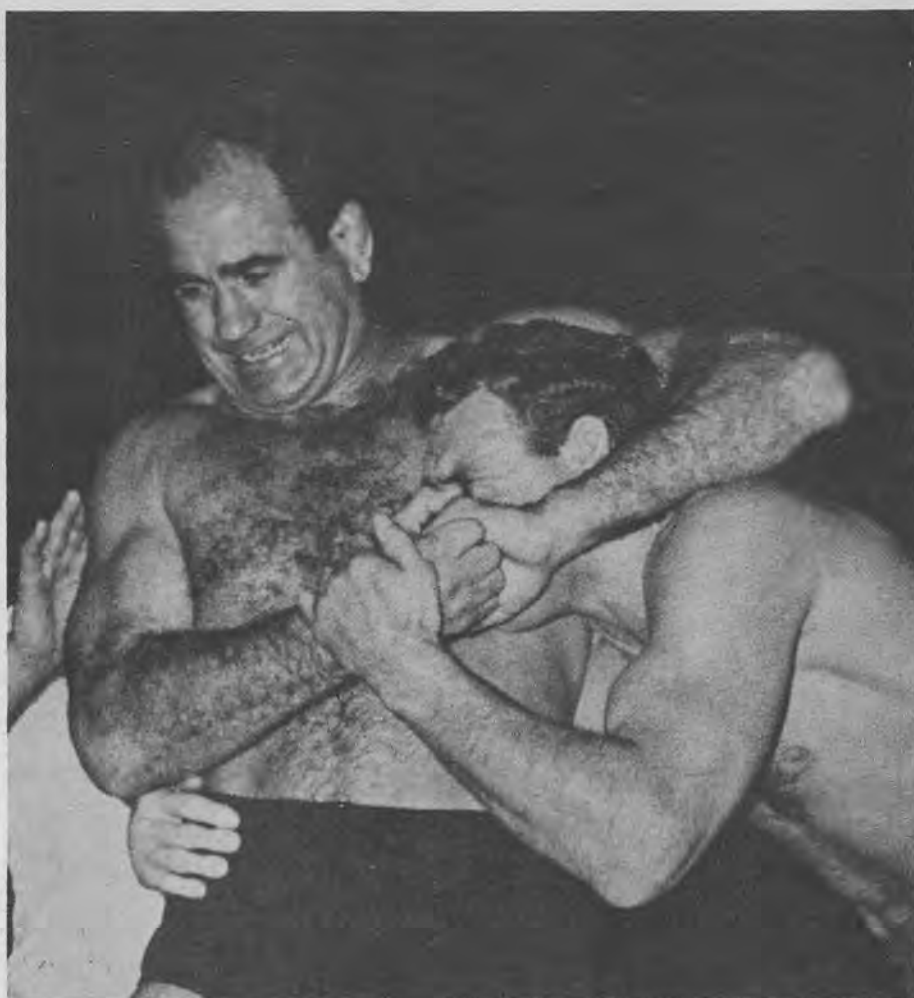
I'd have to name that moment in the Maple Leaf Gardens in Toronto last January when the referee raised my hand in victory over Buddy Rogers in our battle for the heavyweight championship of the world.

When I beat Rogers, I reached one of my most cherished goals: I became the first wrestler ever to win the heavyweight title for the sixth time, breaking the old record which I had held jointly with the great Ed (Strangler) Lewis. I don't think that anything I've ever done has given me more satisfaction.

There had been times not long before that when I thought I'd never get a shot at Rogers. My hopes for a title bout rose when I won the All-Asian tournament in Japan several months earlier. Sam Muchnick, president of the National Wrestling Alliance, had sent me a cable asking whether I'd be willing to meet Rogers for the championship. I got off a reply as fast as I could, telling Sam just to name the time and place, and I'd be there.

But Rogers didn't want to take any chances on losing that title. He'd been ducking everybody who really deserved a chance. He'd been giving the run-around to Karl Gotch, Pat O'Connor, Wilbur Snyder and three or four others. Any one of them could have beaten Rogers, and he knew it. He kept out of their way.

He played hard to get with me, too, even after he had agreed to meet me. He signed for the title bout twice, and twice



EXTREMELY STRONG, Thesz can maintain tremendous pressure for extended periods of time.

"RUTHLESS BATTLERS MAKE WRESTLING MORE COLORFUL," SAYS LOU. "I'D HATE TO SEE THEM GO."

he ran out on us. It took seven months to pin him down, but the third time he signed, he went through with it.

He was defending one of the richest titles in sports today, and he put up a tremendous battle. There were times when I thought the match would go either way, but my luck held. I finally pinned him with a top scissors stretch after 23 minutes. This was a one-fall match, and I had the championship again.

RETURN MATCH

When he signed for the bout, Rogers had insisted upon a clause in the contract which gave him the right to a return match within 90 days if he lost. The return-bout clause is standard procedure in the championship matches. I wasn't worried about meeting Rogers again, since I feel strongly that a champion should

give every true contender a chance.

I had been training maybe a little harder than usual for the title bout, and there had been a lot of tension. I wanted to get away for a few days to unwind, so I went fishing down in Florida. I had been relaxing for a couple of days when I got the word that the return match had been set—for the following week.

Rogers must have figured he could catch me flat-footed by insisting upon meeting me again only two weeks after the first title match. I had only a little more than a week to get ready, but I really didn't need much preparation. I was in good shape. Friends suggested I seek a postponement, but I declined.

The return bout was scheduled for the best two out of three falls, but I won in two straight. The match lasted about 30

minutes.

I dethroned Rogers almost exactly a quarter of a century after I had won the title for the first time in December, 1937. I was just a kid then, still in my teens and with only a little more than a year's experience as a pro when I challenged Everett Marshall.

I was green and nervous and not at all sure of myself, but I had two of the ring's all-time greats to train and coach me—Strangler Lewis and Ray Steele, both former world champions. They trained me for the long haul, because wrestling bouts in those days were often endurance tests. They also worked hard at building up my confidence. They kept stressing that they knew I could beat Marshall. I remember wishing I felt as confident.

The bout with Marshall was set for one

fall, with no time limit. This kind of match was very common in those days, and it was murder for a guy who lacked staying power. Marshall and I went at it, with all we had, for well over three hours. We were both near collapse at the finish.

After the first hour or so, Marshall began talking to me. He said he could see I was in good shape but he was going to wear me down. He told me I didn't have a chance. He said I was a boy who had been sent to do a man's job. He wanted to rattle me, but his taunts had exactly the opposite effect. I realized, suddenly, that he was worried, too. At that moment, I knew, for the first time, that I could win.

I finally got him with a Greco-Roman backdrop, but I was near the end of my resources when I did. I was so near collapse that I could scarcely walk back to the dressing room.

GOOD OLD DAYS ARE TODAY

I was 17 when I began wrestling for pay in 1936. I've seen a revolution in the sport since that time. I've seen wrestling

develop a popularity and a crowd-appeal that I never dreamed possible. Don't let the old timers tell you that the good old days were best. Believe me, the good old days are today. We have more good wrestlers than ever, and the sport has never been so exciting.

When I started, it was not unusual to schedule a match with a two or three-hour limit. Many matches had no time limit at all, and some of them seemed interminable. Strangler Lewis and Joe Stecher once wrestled for five hours and 35 minutes. They were great wrestlers, but they played cat-and-mouse with each other, and they must have put the fans to sleep.

Nothing has contributed more to the booming popularity of wrestling than the simple rule change which puts a one-hour time limit on feature bouts, with shorter time limits for the preliminary matches. This was done to speed up the bouts and give the fans more action, and that's just what it did. If a man knows he has only an hour or less to get the job done, he

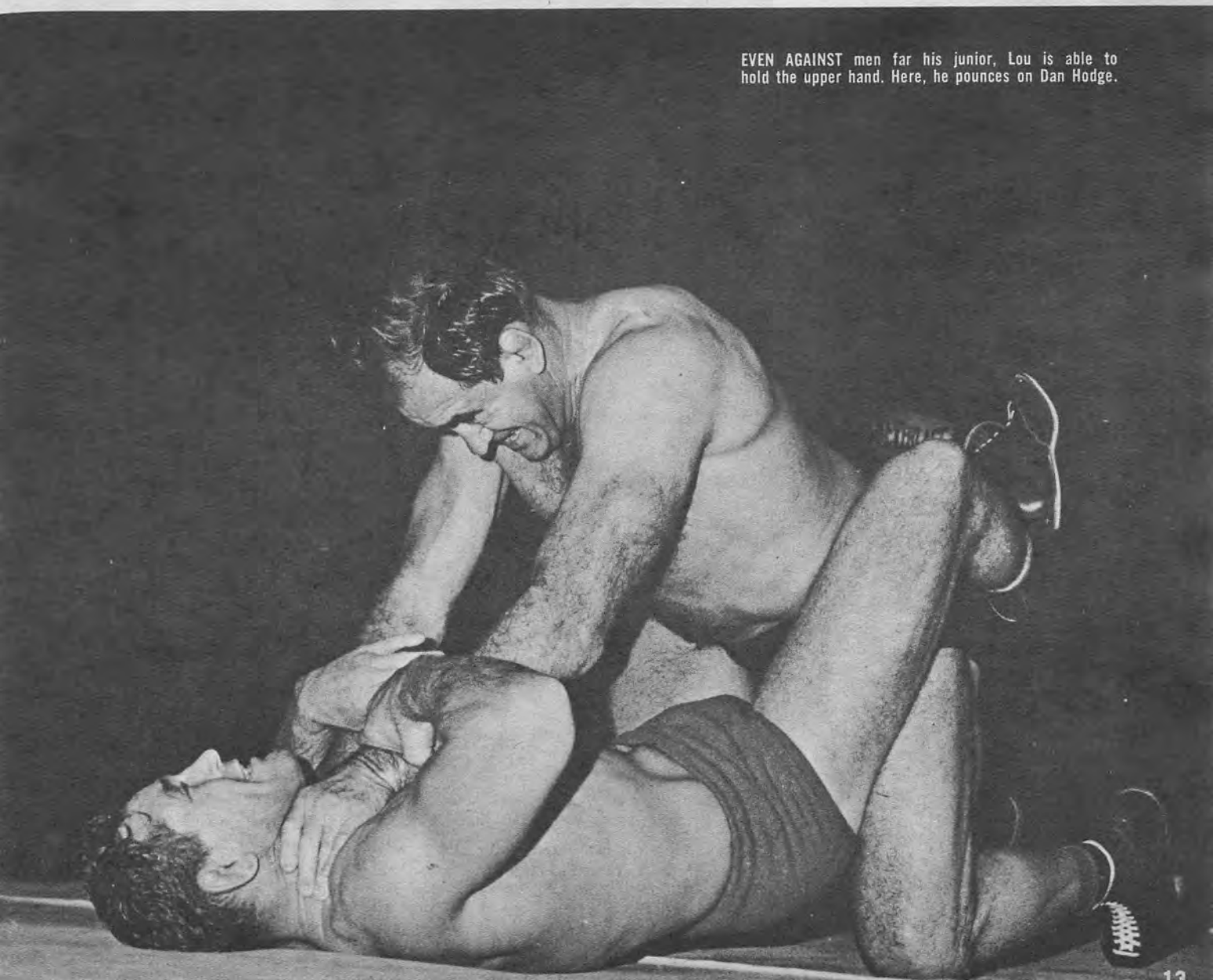
can't wait all night for the other fellow to make a mistake. He must move in fast and take his chances. This is what the fans want.

We have more first-rate wrestlers today than ever before. Young fellows have more chance to learn the sport, in high schools, at the YMCA's and at other recreation centers. Many colleges have developed really outstanding wrestling programs. Such schools as Oklahoma, Iowa, Pennsylvania, Ohio State, Nebraska and Minnesota have produced many fine wrestlers who later made good as professionals. A good percentage of today's headliners are college-trained.

Wrestling gets the cream of the crop because the price is right. If a man has guts and talent and determination, and if he is willing to really work at it, he can make more money at wrestling than in any other sport.

We have some brawlers in the ring today, but we had them when I started out, too. Perhaps the referees were a little

EVEN AGAINST men far his junior, Lou is able to hold the upper hand. Here, he pounces on Dan Hodge.





LOU LEAPS quickly onto the Masked Terror . . .



AND SEEMS about to score a swift takedown . . .



BUT THE Terror manages to regain balance . . .

stricter in the old days, but I think wrestlers got away with more hidden fouls.

I don't care whether a referee is strict or lenient, just as long as he is impartial. This is a tough business, and anybody who can't take it doesn't belong in the ring. I don't have much patience with the clowns and oddballs, but the ruthless battlers make wrestling more colorful. I'd hate to see them go.

Any time you take the color out of a sport, you take away something important. Remember when Happy Chandler was commissioner of baseball, and he suspended Leo Durocher for a year? Chandler hurt baseball, because he deprived the game of one of its most colorful figures. I wouldn't like to see anything like that happen to wrestling.

BEST OF THE BEST

Who were the greatest wrestlers of them all? I've met so many fine wrestlers over the years that I wouldn't even try to list them all. But I'll tell you this: Strangler Lewis was the best I've ever seen. To me, he will always be "Mr. Wrestling." There's never been another quite like him.

He had more of everything—more guts, more patience, more natural ability, more physical strength, more determination. He was the greatest defensive wrestler of them all. He had infinite patience. He was always willing to wait until he could nail you with the right hold, even if it took all night.

His style was perfect for his era. If he were wrestling today, in an age when bouts have been speeded up so much, he would still be the greatest. That's because he was a keenly intelligent student of the sport and, if he were wrestling today, he would adapt himself to the conditions.

He is a wonderful, generous human being. I will always be grateful to him because he took the time to teach a green, nervous kid in St. Louis so many important things about the game. He influenced my career more than anyone else, and I'll



AND QUICKLY maneuvers Thesz into position . . .



FOR A bone-crushing body slam into the mat.

be happy if I'm accounted half the wrestler he was.

How much longer will I continue to wrestle? I'll tell you this: I have no plans to retire. I'm going to the post often these days, but why not? If the world champion can't make \$200,000 a year, he just isn't taking his title seriously enough. I've always been an active champion. I'll meet anybody, and take my chances.

I do not intend to retire until I feel that I can no longer give the fans their money's worth. I think I can keep going for quite a while. Lewis was in his fifties when he won the championship for the fifth time. And, at that age, he was still great.

Wrestling is a sport that puts a premium on experience. After you've been at it long enough, you develop a kind of sixth sense that warns you when there's danger ahead. You're like a wolf that refuses to put its foot in a trap because he senses that there's something fishy. When the other guy begins putting out bait and trying to set you up, you can smell it. You can't explain exactly why, but you know this is the time to be extra

cautious and alert for anything.

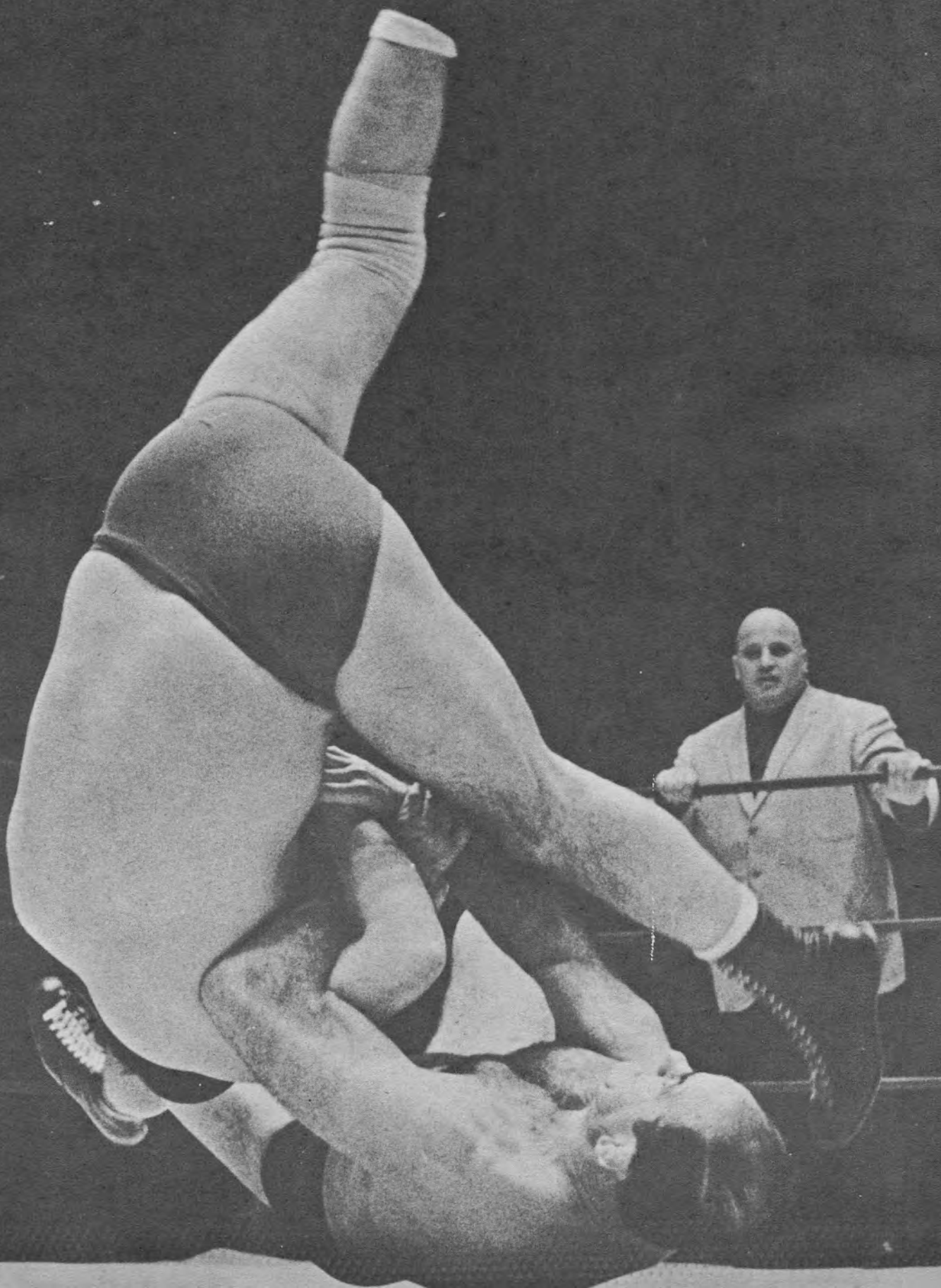
NEVER A BORE

When whatever you're doing becomes flat and stale, I suppose it's time to get out. If you're bored by a job, you won't do well at it. But wrestling never becomes boring to me. It is constantly challenging. I've had maybe 2,500 bouts, yet I'm always finding myself in new situations that test me to the fullest.

There haven't been any new holds in wrestling for hundreds of years, but the variations of these holds are crazy. I've found a dozen different ways of applying the double wrist lock, for example. And I fully expect some night to meet somebody who will use the hold in a way I've never seen before. This keeps a man on his toes.

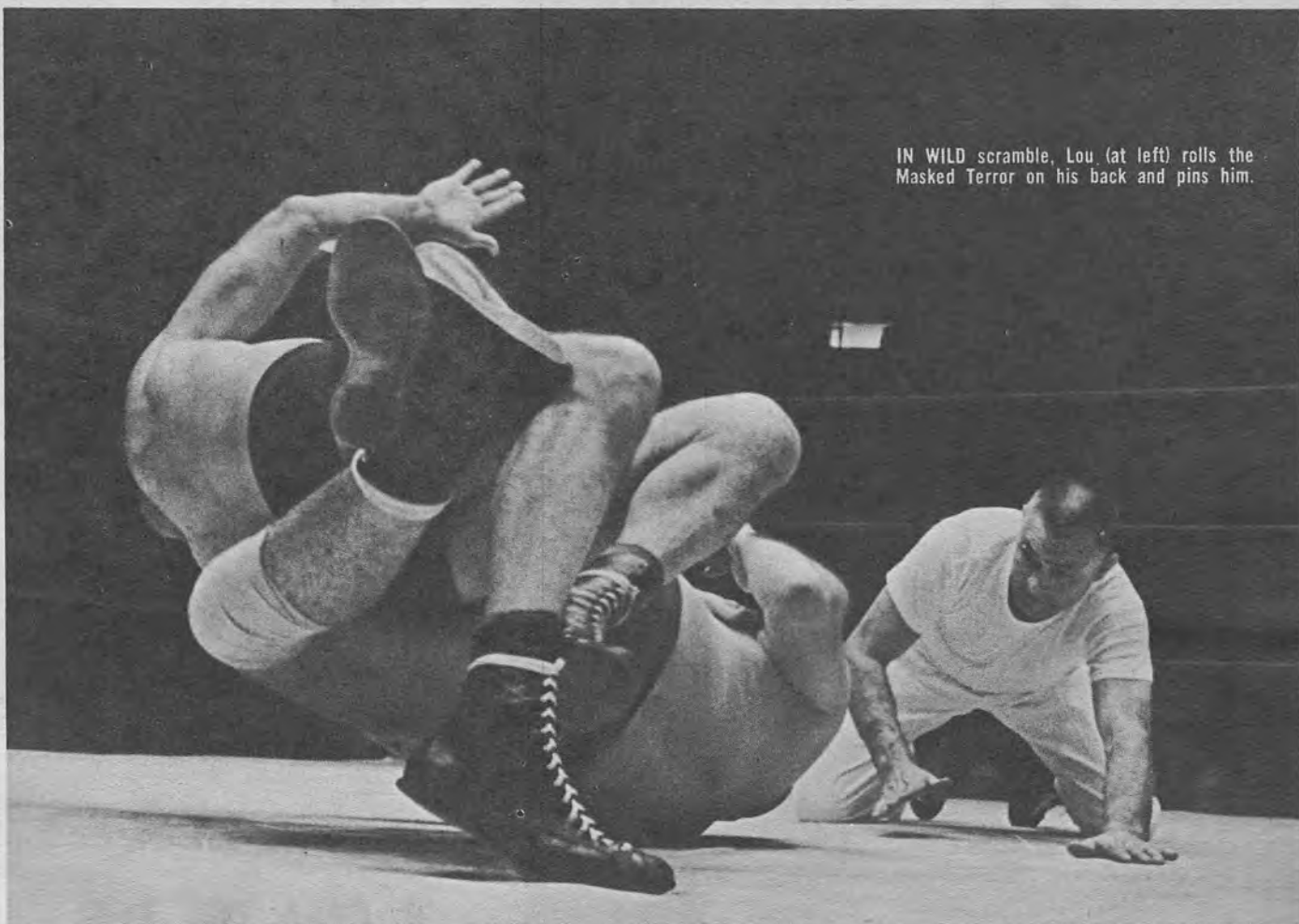
When Karl Gotch first came out of Germany, he confounded veteran wrestlers here by the way he worked. The stuff he uses is probably so old it seems new, but he has given such unexpected twists to his holds that he has caught some very sharp wrestlers off guard. A man's physical structure, his strengths and his weaknesses, determine how he will use his best

A MASTER of many holds, Thesz scores spectacular takedown here against the huge Masked Terror.



THESZ UNMASKS THE MASKED TERROR





IN WILD scramble, Lou (at left) rolls the Masked Terror on his back and pins him.

holds. Often you find yourself up against an old hold with such a completely new twist that your usual blocks and counters won't work. You have to come up with something new or you're in trouble.

When I started out, I wasted a great deal of energy and time just worrying about what would happen in my next bout. With experience, however, I've learned not to bother about things that you can't control. I figure that I win a good number of bouts these days on the night before the match. I go to bed and sleep like a baby while my opponent is pacing the floor of his hotel room, wondering what might happen. When the bell rings, I'm fresh and ready to go, while he's tired and nervous. This is one of the many benefits that experience bestows.

Nothing is more important in wrestling than to make the most of your physical attributes. Stay in shape all the time. If you let yourself get out of condition, it's murder trying to regain your old form. And the older you are, the harder it is.

This seems self-evident, I know, but many men have thrown away promising careers in any sport you can name simply because they didn't follow this advice. The other guy didn't beat them. They beat themselves. I weigh 230 pounds—and I've weighed it for the past 20 years. I watch my diet. I work out in the gym regularly,

and wrestle often.

My father, who was a fine amateur wrestler, was my first coach. He started me out when I was only eight years old. He always preached to me that condition is the first requirement for success. He is 75 years old today, and he is still in marvelous physical condition.

I once broke my ankle while skiing. It was a troublesome injury that mended very slowly. I was unable to wrestle for a long time, but I never quit training. I worked out as well as I could, under the conditions, and I kept my weight down. If I had quit training just because I was unable to wrestle, that might have been the end of my career.

Wrestling has been very good to me. I've had a very rewarding career. I've traveled quite extensively, and I've met many very wonderful people. I've made enough money to do the things I want to do. I have time to enjoy skin diving and skiing with my wife, Fredda, and our son, Jeff.

And I'm thankful that I have never lost my zest for wrestling. This has always been the greatest sport in the world to me, bar none. I even enjoy working out in the gym. If I had to start all over again, I wouldn't want to change a thing. For I have been able to make my living doing the one thing that I like best.

I am a very lucky man.



HAVING WON match, Lou goes to work on mask.



THE VICTOR unveils a helpless, bearded Terror.



PENNY BANNER

LUSCIOUS LIVE WIRE

by Ed Laborwit

**A GIRL ON THE
GO, PENNY TRAINS,
TRAVELS, TENDS
HOUSE; SHE STANDS
UP TO HER FOES,
SPEAKS OUT FOR
HER RIGHTS**

A VICTORIOUS, vivacious Penny Banner salutes fans as they applaud her triumph.

FEMALES, arise! You finally have your champion.

Penny Banner, a pert, platinum-blond, isn't too much different than most of you. There may be prettier girls, or smarter ones, but Penny's something special. She not only rates a second look anytime, even a third, but she's also a girl's girl. Just listen to her.

"I think every woman should have at least one night out with the girls," she says. "I don't care whether it's going to a movie or playing bridge, just so the gals get a night to themselves."

Her idea of a good time with the girls, however, is unique. It takes place in some wrestling arena, where the matches pay well and the crowd is big.

Most women wouldn't go for this bit of extra-curricular activity, but Penny Banner is different than most. She is a live-wire from the word go, and she doesn't mind telling anyone what her ambitions are.

A 29-year-old St. Louis product, Penny is the oldest daughter out of a broken home. She loves professional wrestling and lives with it for virtually 24 hours a day. She talks it over with her husband, and there is no conflict or disagreement here.

Penny's husband is Johnny Weaver, who hasn't had a bit of trouble making a name for himself in the same occupation. The Weavers are not unique, for there are other husband-wife mat duos.

But, Penny, by her own talent, has surpassed her husband's fame. She is the second-ranked woman wrestler in the nation today, but she isn't satisfied with that.

"I can't think of another thing I'd want more than to be the champ," she says. "Second best is difficult to take when you know that you don't have to be runner-up to anyone."

This is a woman with definite ideas. She is also a woman with lots of mat savvy.

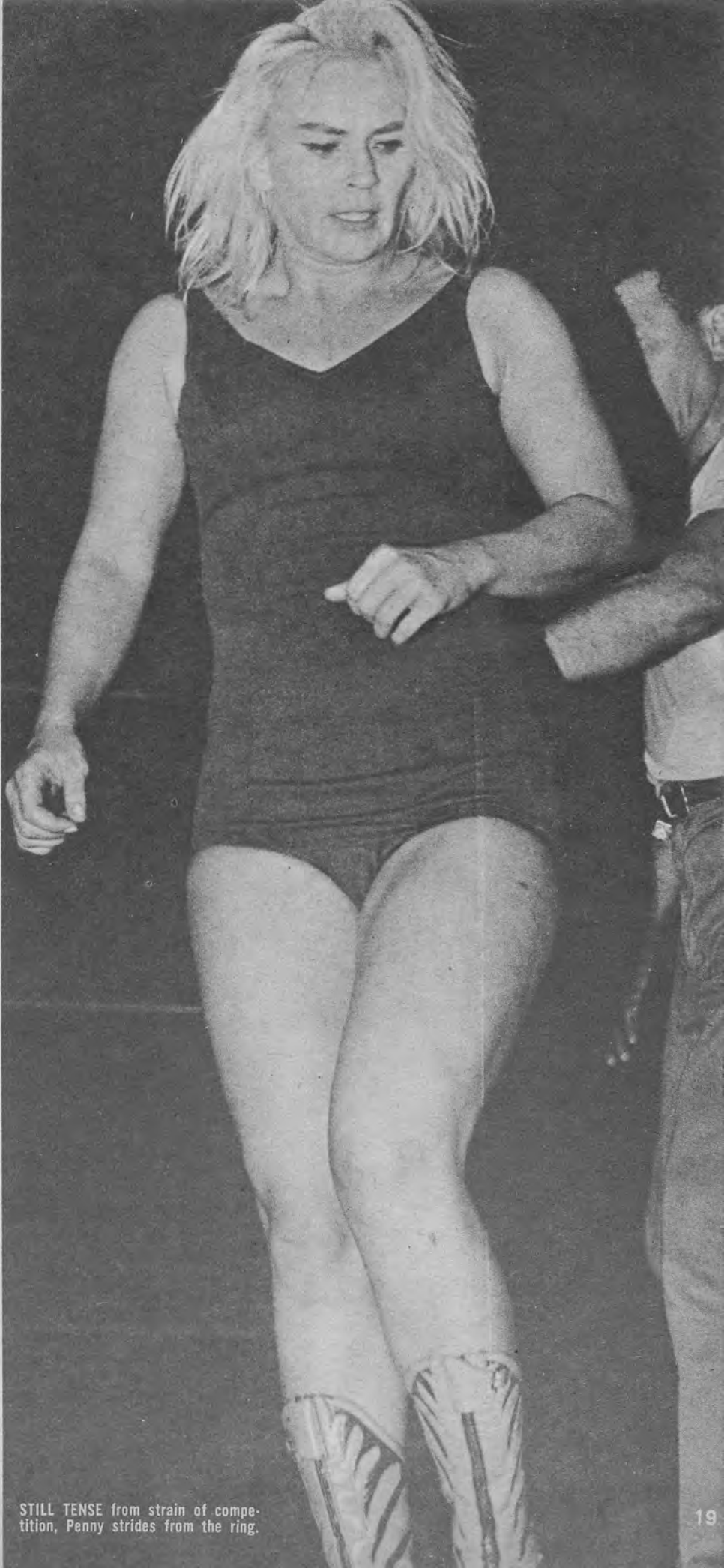
POTS AND PANS

On one particular night, not too long ago, in Norfolk, Va., where Penny and Johnny were on the same card, Penny told about her ideas, some of which sound far away from the pro wrestling arena.

"Johnny and I talk about the matches, but we don't have the time to train together. After all, I have my housework. You know, the dishes and pots and pans," Penny says.

Aside from washing—the pots and pans and dishes and clothes—Penny Banner, or Mrs. Johnny Weaver, has another job. That is Wendi Ann Weaver, the three-year-old daughter of this wrestling couple.

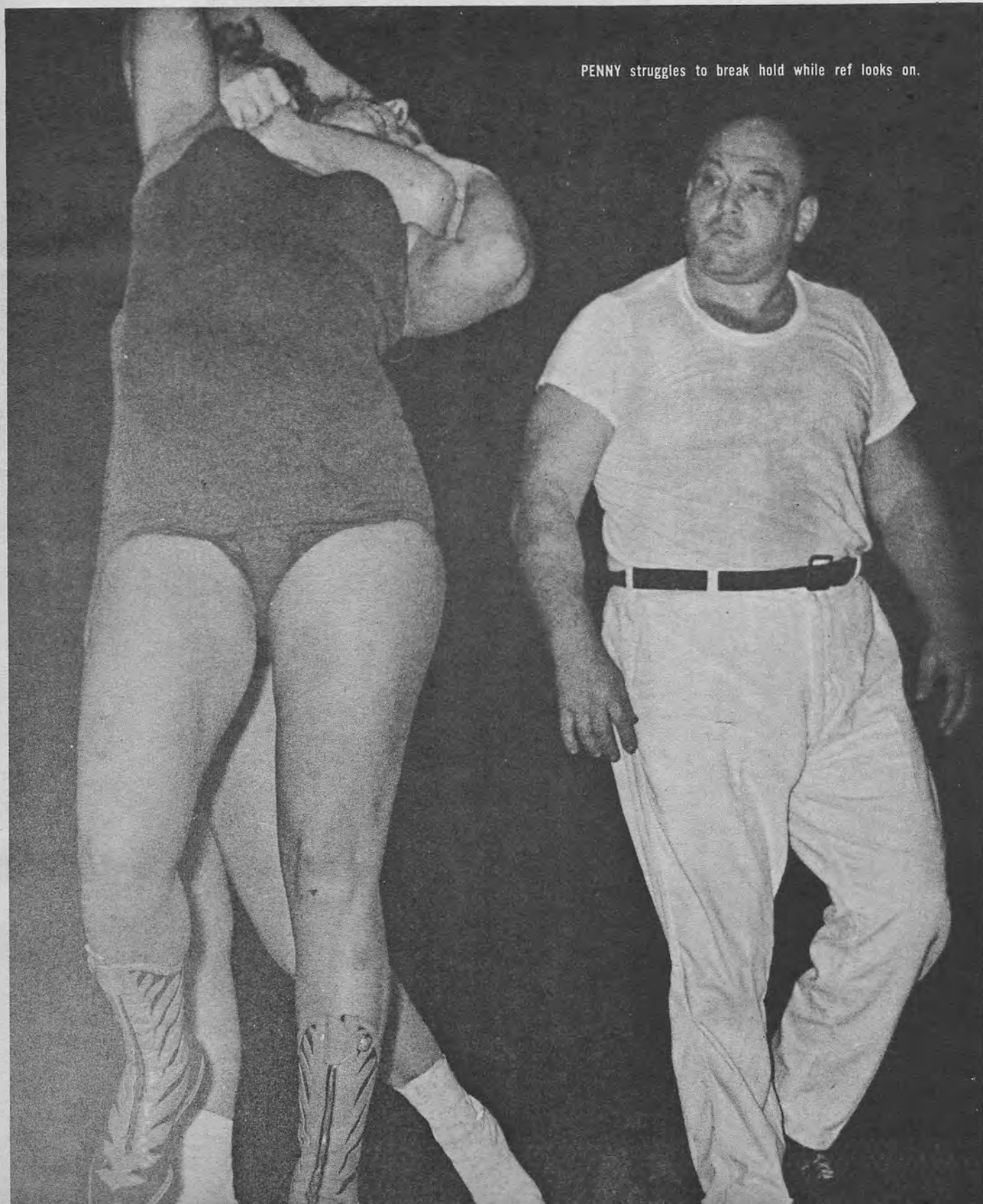
"Let's face it," she says. "I'm a mother and housewife at heart. I love wrestling, and I've always been athletically-inclined, but a woman is a woman, and I don't



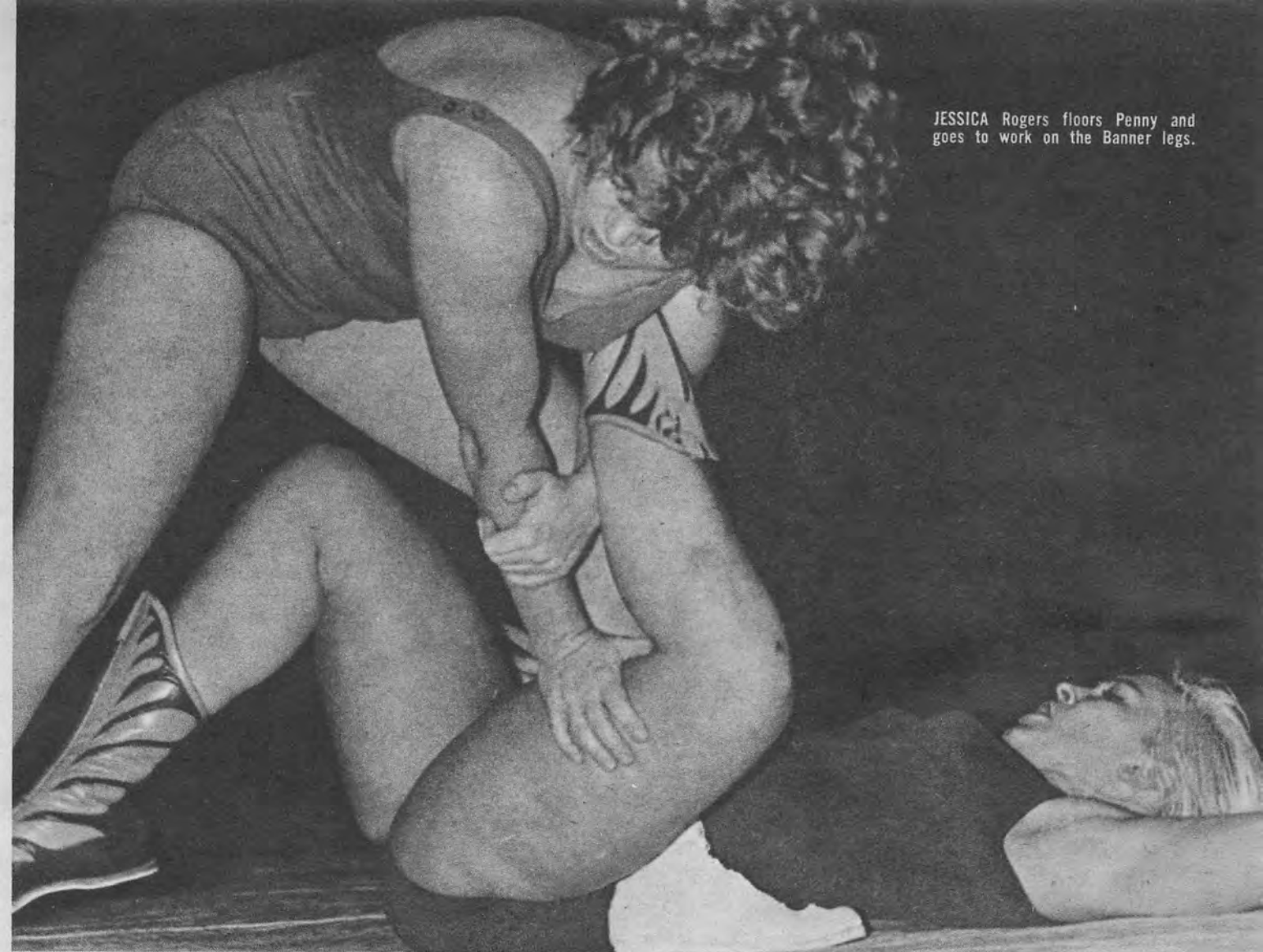
STILL TENSE from strain of competition, Penny strides from the ring.

AN AMBITIOUS GIRL, PENNY WANTS AN-
OTHER TITLE TO GO WITH THE ONE
SHE HAS NOW—MRS. JOHNNY WEAVER

PENNY struggles to break hold while ref looks on.



JESSICA Rogers floors Penny and goes to work on the Banner legs.



think that I could give up being a family type.

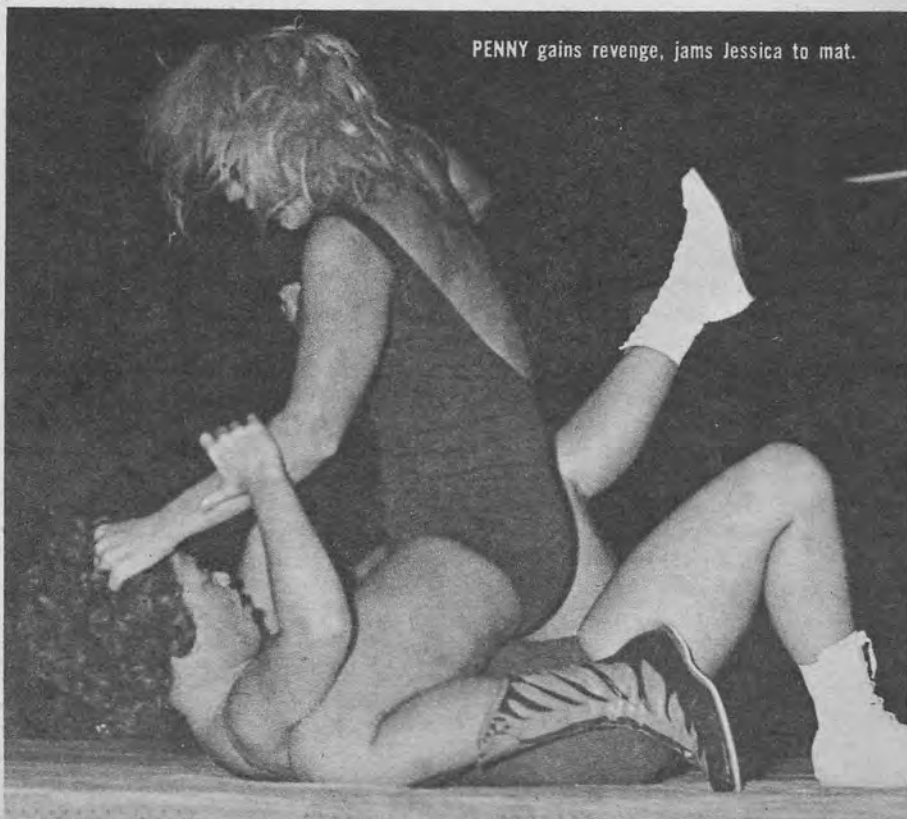
"A lot of people have asked me when I will quit. Well, that's a good question, and the answer I have ready is that Johnny and I are planning to get out of the game when Wendi is ready to go to school. That's about three more years. So, I hope both of us can attain our goals in that length of time. Of course, my ambition is to become champion. I know I can get there . . . all I need is the chance."

Penny says that a woman wrestler can have a career until she's 35, but adds: "I doubt if I could take it that long. I could show you all the cuts and bruises, and it's not worth extending yourself beyond your ability."

Then, Penny freely discusses the woman wrestler, from both a personal standpoint and in a general sense. Why does she do it? Or, why do most women get into the business?

"When I first started out," she explains, "the traveling was the first thing that caught my eye. I still enjoy it, but some of the glamor has worn off. I can't help thinking that I'm a housewife. Apparently, your ideas and sense of values change. I know mine have."

PENNY gains revenge, jams Jessica to mat.





GIRLS MAY not be as strong as men, but they're rougher. Here Penny kicks Ethel Johnson.

"Second to the traveling and the enjoyment I got from it, I think I'd have to rate the physical contact next. I've always liked that kind of work, and I've made a study of it. Some women have a little bit of strength, and they develop that amount. If they keep at it, they are never worn out. Unfortunately, some aren't like that, but I guess that's why some have it, and some don't."

Without too much second-guessing, you know that Penny has it. She is a determined woman, who knows her purpose in life. She adds: "After this is over, the wrestling, I mean, Johnny and I plan to enlarge the family, and then, maybe, just maybe, open a health studio, teaching the customers what I've learned over the years."

Then, quickly, she says: "I say maybe, because that's exactly how it stands now. I am, and I'm sure Johnny is, too, a firm believer in the adage of not counting your chickens before they hatch."

Penny and Johnny are definitely not counting their chickens now. For both of them, this is the prime of their athletic lives, and they're enjoying every minute.

TOUGH TIMES TOO

There are the tough times, however.

"This business is tough on a gal," Penny says. "Don't you believe for one minute that I don't feel every chop and slam. I started wrestling in 1954 when I was 20 years old, and since then, I've received three broken toes, a dislocated knee, two dislocated elbows and a broken ankle. In addition to all that, I've had my nose broken three times and all my teeth have been chipped at one time or another."

So, it is not an easy life, and Penny Banner knows it. She has taken her hard knocks, but the knocks came early, like when she was forced to leave Rosati Kain High School in St. Louis in the middle of her junior year.

"I had to go to work," Penny says. "It was a broken family situation, so it wasn't something that I had planned. I

did go to work, but I knew even then that I had to do something that was active. I didn't then, and I don't now, like to do anything that keeps me in one place."

Penny's first job lasted a month—she was a shoe polish bottle-filler in a St. Louis shoe factory. There were other jobs, such as a waitress, a stenographer and a file clerk.

"They all didn't last long, though," Penny recalls. "It was just a case of close confinement, and that and I didn't become very close friends."

Her first love was athletics.

"In those early days after high school, I drifted from job to job," Penny says, "and finally wound up at the St. Louis YWCA, where I took an extended course in self-defense judo. I had another job in the city's USO as a hostess. But, that, too, was confining. I quit that and stayed with the judo, and I studied with the best instructors. I think I learned well."

"The girls in the class weren't very adaptable to this type of work, and I was put on television in an effort to make the girls come to the YWCA. St. Louis promoter Sam Muchnick called me on the phone, and asked me if I wanted to wrestle. Before I could give him a definite answer, he began telling me all the troubles and handicaps. I really believe he was trying to talk me out of something before I got into it."

The story goes that Penny Banner, even then, knew the score. She said yes, and a great career began on July 19, 1954. The card read: Penny Banner versus Kathy Branch. The town was Masury, Ohio.

Kathy Branch is now married and out of the business, but Penny is still at it, and, even she has to admit, doing quite well.

HEARTS AND FLOWERS

Penny's favorite story is the one which some writer dreamed up. Penny tells it something like this:

"This man came to see me about a

story, and I told him when I began wrestling and how, but he had to make it sound like hearts and flowers. He wrote about how I was working in some office and some guy made a pass at me. Then, I was supposed to have stood up and clobbered this wolf, beginning my wrestling career from that point.

"My goodness, that was ridiculous. For some strange reason, a lot of fans expect me to drool at the mouth, or to speak like an ignoramus or infant. This isn't so, and I've never seen any woman or man wrestler like that. We're human. If we weren't, we wouldn't be in this profession, and wrestling is just that—a profession, like teaching or writing."

Penny recalls those early days, saying, "Mom and Dad had to give consent for me to start wrestling, but a month later, I turned 20. They were hesitant and scared. What mother and father wouldn't be? But that has worn off, and I really believe they're quite proud of the progress I've made."

"At first, I had all the confidence in the world in myself. All my life, I've been interested in athletics. When the circus came to town, I watched the acrobats, and, later, at the YWCA, I enjoyed practicing what I had seen. As a small girl, and even later, I played football, basketball and volleyball. So, you see, it was a perpetual case of keeping myself in shape."

"Up until the time I turned 19, I considered myself a little bit of a tomboy, but that wore off. Now, I like to think of myself as just plain feminine."

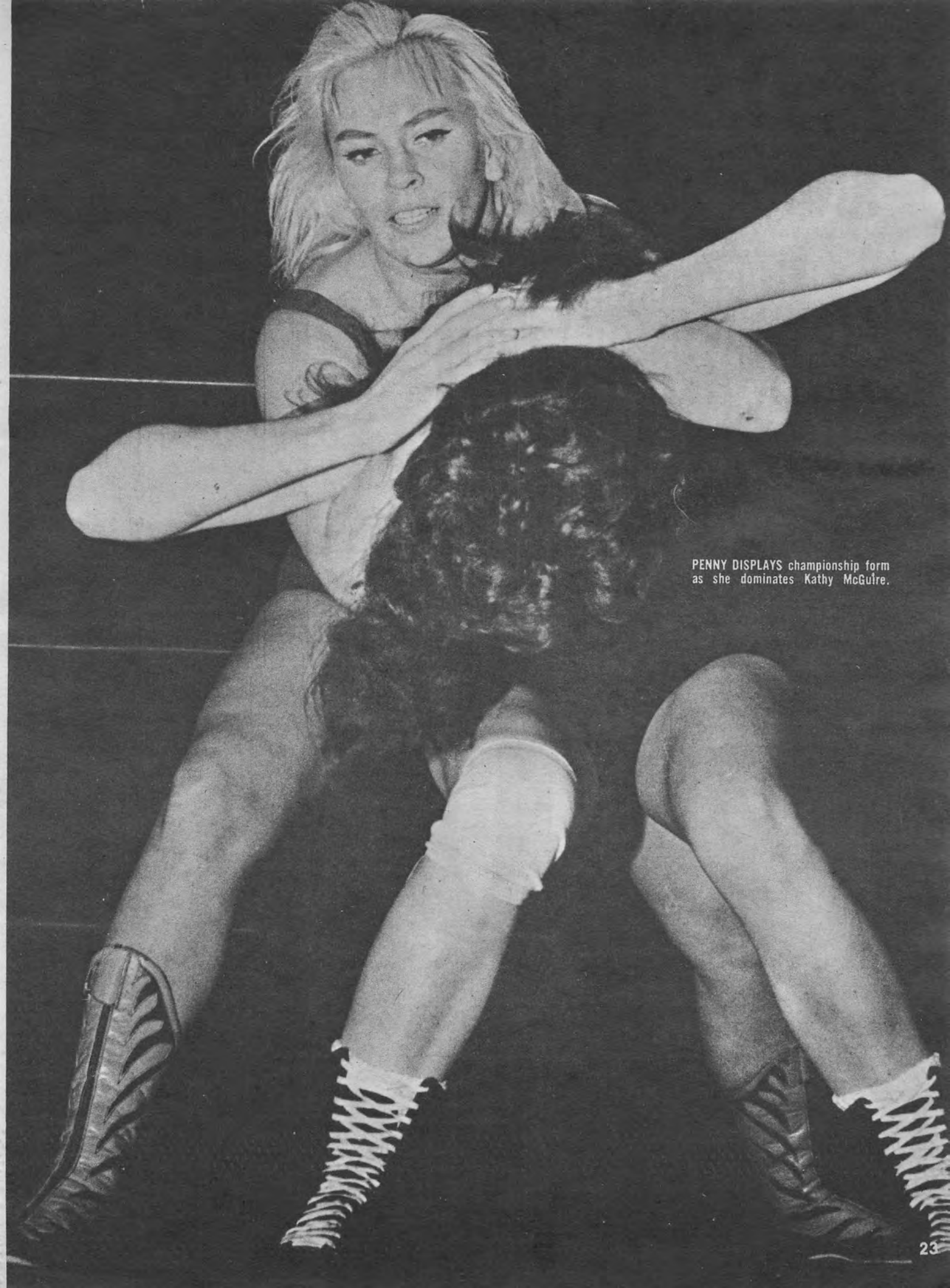
One good look at Penny Banner, and the wrestling fan has to agree with that self-description.

Penny and Johnny were married in Indianapolis in 1959, and Wendi Ann was born in 1960. Penny tells a little story about the birth, and it's a tale that reveals a tremendous facility for the imaginative ideas that have made her a success in her current occupation.

"This was our first child," Penny recalls, "and I wanted to have a good name for this baby. Right after the child was born, Johnny came to the hospital and asked me what we were going to name the girl. The first thing that came to my mind was Indy Anna. What other name, I thought, could you find more appropriate for two traveling people, who saw their first child born in Indiana. But, we finally decided on Wendi Ann, because that was the closest I could get to the original idea."

The Weavers don't get home to St. Louis very often, but on holidays they "retire" to their newly-built house. One day, things will be different and the traveling will be finished.

Right now, there are other things to be cleared up . . . like being a champion. From here, it's hard to see how Penny can miss!



PENNY DISPLAYS championship form
as she dominates Kathy McGuire.

**BUILT LIKE A TANK
AND TWICE AS TOUGH,**

**JERRY GRAHAM HAS
SERVED MORE RIOT
TIME THAN POLICE**

By Pete Waldmeir

Ph.D.

AND

HIS DONNEYBROOKS

AS ROUGH as they come, Dr. Jerry Graham tries to scalp Bill Dromo.





DR. JERRY GRAHAM'S head hit the ring post with a loud splat! And the throng in the crowded arena rose up cheering. The truculent man who walks like a bear was finally getting his.

Graham staggered back, his head split open, his face a mask of blood. A deep, blood-red stain was spreading through his

yellow hair.

Chief Big Heart grabbed the dazed Graham and smashed him to the canvas with a thunderous body slam. Then the big Indian stepped back as Graham, hurt but game, struggled to his feet. Chief Big Heart slammed him down again.

Chief Big Heart could probably have

finished Graham off, but he was in no hurry. He had many scores to even up with Graham. He wanted to give his victim a thorough going-over, and that is where he made his mistake.

The tank-like Graham lifted himself to a sitting position and, suddenly summoning an unexpected reserve of strength, he



DROMO avoids Graham's bull-like rush with lightning leap-frog.

A MANY-SIDED MAN, GRAHAM HAS THREE DEGREES, A MASTERY OF HYPNOSIS AND A LOVE FOR PARACHUTES

able to get me, sure, but I'd lay a few of them out. They know it, and they're afraid to make the first move."

Graham qualifies as an expert on wrestling donneybrooks. He was a participant in a tag team bout in Madison Square Garden a few years ago which precipitated probably the worst riot in the his-

tory of wrestling. That was the memorable night when Graham and Dick the Bruiser joined as a team to battle Argentina Rocca and Edward Carpentier.

Rocca, the biggest drawing card Madison Square Garden has ever known, is a volatile Latin who is idolized by the Spanish-speaking people of the "big town." They love him, and they are ready to destroy anyone who tries to stand against him.

The Bruiser and Graham know only one way to wrestle: They come to win any way they can. They abused Rocca and Carpentier with a savage ferocity that whipped the spectators into a black fury. They belabored Rocca and his partner until the cash customers decided to take a hand in the hostilities.

A madness swept across the arena. Spectators began fighting with the police and with each other. They tore chairs out of the floor, smashed windows, and destroyed stadium fixtures. The mob threw a policeman out of the balcony, and nearly killed him. When it was all over, the New York State Athletic Commission assessed the heaviest fines ever against the four wrestlers on the grounds that they had incited the riot.

"The spectators began pouring into the ring, and the Bruiser and I stood together, literally fighting for our lives," recalls Graham. "The police couldn't control them—there were just too many of them. I never felt more relieved in my life to get out of any place."

The next time Graham wrestled in Madison Square Garden, however, he was his same old self—belligerent, ruthless, scornful, still daring the onlookers to do their worst. The insane fury of the riot had not intimidated him at all.

"I don't care how much they scream and yell at me," says Graham. "They're paying their money, and they can holler all they want. But if they try anything else, they're likely to get hurt. I can break the average man in two with my bare

hit Chief Big Heart with the hardest punch he could throw.

"Foul! Foul!" screamed the angry ring-siders but the referee, who had been standing behind the Indian, shrugged his shoulders helplessly. He hadn't seen.

Doubled up in agony, Chief Big Heart sank slowly to the floor. With the cold efficiency of a beast of prey, Graham pushed him over on his back and pinned his shoulders for the count of three.

The spectators couldn't contain their fury and frustration. They fired paper cups, programs, anything they could get their hands on, into the ring. Their angry roar drowned out the announcer's voice that proclaimed the time of Graham's victory. Yet, when the referee raised the blood-smeared strong man's hand in the token of triumph, Graham glared defiantly at the howling mob.

The special police, summoned to escort Graham back to the dressing room, mo-

tioned nervously for him to hurry up before the crowd got out of hand. Graham ignored them. Instead, he stamped around the ring, lifting his own hand to taunt the fans, shaking his fist at the thousands who wanted to tear him apart.

He finally climbed out of the ring, moving with studied deliberation. He walked with his feet wide apart, constantly alert, ready for anything. The spectators were outraged, but nobody wanted to be the first to lay hands on this formidable man. He reached the sanctuary of the dressing room without further incident.

Dr. Jerry Graham had just finished another good night's work.

THING TO FEAR IS FEAR

"In a situation like that, you can't show the slightest sign of fear," he says. "If they think you're afraid, you haven't got a chance. They will cut you down. But they know I don't frighten. They might be

hands. And I'll do it if I have to. I'm going to protect myself.

"Look here," he says, pointing to a patch of scar tissue under his right arm. "That's where I was stabbed by a mad man. The blade pierced my lung."

Then he indicates a long, ugly scar on his left side.

"Another knifing," he relates. "It took 28 stitches to close that one. I had 50 stitches taken in my scalp one night after I got hit by a chair. You know, this can be a pretty rough business."

DIFFERENT DESTINY

When he reflects upon the way things have turned out, these moments of violence must confound Graham. For, as a boy, he had anticipated quite a different destiny. His ambition was to become a college professor, and he almost made it. He is one of the best educated men in any sport. Apart from the ring, he is a pleasant, thoughtful and engaging man.

He holds three college degrees, including a doctorate in psychology. He studied at Grand Canyon College, Phoenix College, Arizona State and the University of Southern California.

A natural athlete and a man of exceptional physical power, he played football under Coach Jeff Carveth at Southern Cal and won a long list of amateur wrestling titles. Yet Graham, for a long time, regarded sports simply as an emotional outlet, a way to relax from scholarly pursuits.

Destiny took him by the hand one night when former heavyweight champion Jim Londos, the magnificent "golden Greek" of another era, saw Graham in an amateur bout. Londos was so impressed that he came to the dressing room afterward to talk to him.

"If you want to take it seriously, you can become a great professional wrestler," Londos told him. "You have the physique and the intelligence. You can go as far as you like. Think it over."

Londos occasionally dropped into the gym to work out with Graham, and often offered him pointers. And when the old champion talked about the money a man could make in wrestling, Graham listened.

He did not lose interest in teaching psychology, a subject which still fascinates him, but the muscular youngster began to think of wrestling as a good way to make a fast buck. While he was still in school, he began wrestling a night or two a week to finance his education.

Graham was a masked marvel in those early days, so his fellow students had no notion that their quiet, diligent classmate spent so many of his nights in violence. After he had earned his doctorate, he accepted an appointment as an instructor in psychology at Phoenix College. But he wrestled under the mask, too, as often as he could.

"I received \$3,600 for teaching college for nine months," he recalls. "And for one wrestling match alone, a bout that took maybe 50 minutes, I earned \$5,000. That made up my mind. I have always liked

ONCE IN command, Graham is not one to show mercy.





DROMO lashes back, but Graham can "take it."

teaching but, at those prices, I couldn't afford it. So, after one year at Phoenix College, I quit teaching and turned to wrestling as a full-time career. I've never been sorry."

STAR BILLING

Graham, who stands 6-0 and weighs a tank-like 275 pounds, has been a top-notch wrestler for more than a decade. He is rough and aggressive, and he knows what he is doing. His ferocity often alienates the paying patrons, but this colorful athlete is box-office magic. His services are in constant demand. He estimates that he travels over 100,000 miles a year to fulfill mat engagements, averaging three to four matches a week.

"I've gotten around," he says. "I have traveled around the world three times, from the tip of Argentina to Alaska. I belong to the million-mile club. If there were 10 nights in the week, I could wrestle every night if I wanted to."

Wrestling has given him the freedom to pursue his hobbies and his diverse interests. He is an expert hypnotist, and a perfect nut about both skin diving and free-fall parachute jumping.

He developed his taste for parachute jumping as a member of the 82nd Airborne Division, an elite outfit of which he speaks with quiet pride. He made 100 jumps as a paratrooper. But that was mostly "jump-and-pull" stuff. Now he likes the more exciting sport of sky-diving.

"I've made about 20 free-fall parachute jumps," Graham continues. "I haven't had enough time for much jumping lately, but I have managed to get in a lot of skin diving. I enjoy them both, and they're a lot alike, really."

"When you jump from a plane or go down deep into the water, you enter strange new worlds. Talk about getting away from it all! This is it. You're almost in a new kind of existence. I imagine it would be like this, going to the moon."

His fondness for skin diving has been sustained despite a frightening experience with a shark off the coast of Australia.

"A shark won't normally attack a skin diver, but those villains will come at you if they taste blood," he explains. "I was diving for lobster off the coast of Australia, down about 35 feet, when my nose began to bleed. I knew this meant trouble, but before I could get up to the surface a blue pointer shark made a pass at me."

"He swung around me, almost brushing me, and then he swam away. I expected him to come back, but he didn't. I was certainly glad to see him go."

HYPNOSIS EXPERT

Graham has long been interested in hypnosis, a subject on which he can speak with authority.

"I can hypnotize anyone who isn't an idiot or a moron," he declares. "Any intelligent person can be hypnotized. I can put a subject into a deep sleep where he will be responsive to my suggestions."

Isn't it dangerous to work with the strange and dreadful powers of hypnosis?

"Not if you know what you're doing," Graham says. "Hypnosis, of course, is something that the ordinary layman should leave to the true scientific expert."

"When it is used by a man who thoroughly understands the implications of what he is doing, hypnosis can be extremely beneficial. Many types of neuroses can be cured by proper hypnotic treatment. Hypnosis brings the subconscious mind forward, enabling the patient to bring out

the deep-seated causes of his problems, causes of which even he is unaware."

Dr. Graham is a brother of Eddie Graham, another ring man and, more recently, a successful mat promoter. Both of the Grahams are outstanding wrestlers. And they are proud of the fact that each has made it to the top on his own.

As a student of psychology, Dr. Graham is sure that wrestling serves a very good purpose in offering emotional release to the fans.

"Wrestling fans get more for their money than the patrons of any other sport," he declares. "You don't believe me? Just listen to the crowd at a good wrestling match. They aren't sitting there quietly, maybe frustrated or bored with it all. They're yelling and hollering, cheering their heroes, denouncing the guys they don't like. They let themselves go."

"Maybe business has been bad, or they've got personal problems, but while they're in the wrestling arena they can forget all these things. When the show is over, they're refreshed and ready for anything. As a psychologist, I tell you a wrestling show can be the best medicine in the world."

Then he adds, with quiet conviction:

"But please tell the fans not to try to take on any of the wrestlers all by themselves. People get hurt that way."

Consider yourself told.

THOUGH GENEROUSLY padded, Graham has quick reflexes, scores jarring takedown here on Dromo.



NO HOLDS BARRED

by Harvey Kapuler

Want to take a peek at a really all-star wrestling card? Be my guest... Verne Gagne taking on The Destroyer; Antonino Rocca versus Pat O'Connor; Lou Thesz matched against Bruno Sammartino; Brute Bernard and Skull Murphy meeting Dick the Bruiser and Crusher Lisowski; the Graham Brothers meeting Killer Kowalski and Gorilla Monsoon; the Von Brauners battling the Kangaroos... It's no fantasy—just a projection of what could happen if promoters across the country would get together to present super-cards on closed-circuit, theater television throughout the United States and Canada... The idea of presenting such a card is not as fantastic as it sounds... There are far more wrestling fans than boxing fans, and yet boxing championships draw well on closed-circuit TV... Why not wrestling?

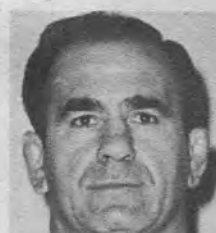
Can you imagine a round-robin tournament, featuring all the top names in the business, which would produce a genuine champion?... We can, and we're practically foaming at the mouth at the thought of it. Wouldn't you pay \$5.00, or more, to see such a show? Frankly, we'd give a lot more to see this wrestling fan's dream come true... You can help by letting us know your opinions. Together we can exert influence over the promoters, and make them start working on this "show of shows."



Dick The Bruiser



Killer Kowalski



Lou Thesz



Verne Gagne



Bruno Sammartino



Gorilla Monsoon

Here, in a swift, hard-hitting style, one of wrestling's most knowledgeable observers writes a monthly column for Official Wrestling, containing news and views of the sport's top performers and promoters.



Antonino Rocca



Dr. Jerry Graham



Kurt Von Brauner

The muddled tag-team picture could be cleared up in a similar round-robin closed-circuit tournament. Elimination tournaments could be held in every area to determine the finalists... But frankly, promoters are skeptical. They don't think fans would like the idea. One thing's for sure, though—the wrestlers are on our side. Every one I know is in favor of the idea... How about you?

Jimmy Lake, the grand old man of ring announcing, remains in fine health in semi-retirement... Ironically enough, it was Jimmy's good friend Bruno Sammartino who paved the way for Jimmy's demise as the announcer of the Thursday night wrestling matches from Washington... In a ring accident, Sammartino caused Jimmy to be hospitalized with back injuries... The Scuf-flin' Hillbillies scored with Southern California fans... Dick the

NO HOLDS BARRED

Bruiser and Crusher Lisowski wield those disputed A.W.A. world tag-team belts... Johnny Valentine hit Washington, D.C. like a fireball... He sold out the Capitol Arena as he and Sammartino teamed up against Gorilla Monsoon and Killer Kowalski... Bet your bottom dollar that before long Valentine and Sammartino will lift the championship from Monsoon and Kowalski.



BEARCAT WRIGHT won West Coast popularity poll, topping Bobo, Dory.

How much space do your local newspapers give to wrestling activities in your town? ... This universal complaint of fans can be solved in only one way—write to your paper and demand that they report the wrestling news. ... Here are my latest heavyweight ratings: 1) Lou Thesz; 2) Verne Gagne; 3) Ray Stevens; 4) Bruno Sammartino; 5) Johnny Valentine; 6) Eddie Graham; 7) Pat O'Connor; 8) Dr. Jerry Graham; 9) Fritz Von Erich; 10) Karl Gotch-Antonino Rocca-Destroyer (three-way tie) ... Watch out for Karl Gotch and Pat O'Connor this month ... Both men are determined to advance in the ratings this coming month ... Is K. O. Murphy any relation to Skull Murphy? ... Judy Grable is the one to beat June Byers, if anybody can.



JUDY GRABLE, applying head scissors, is best bet to beat June Byers.

Bearcat Wright was voted top Negro pro wrestler out on the Coast, topping equally popular Bobo Brazil and Dory Dixon in the balloting ... Bob Orton, the Big O, down in Florida for the end of the winter season ... Karl Gotch now rated over all others to snare the world title from heavyweight kingpin Lou Thesz ... Bobby Davis has his hair done in the famous Larry Matthews Beauty Salon, according to "New York Daily News" columnist Charles McHarry ... The Miller Brothers are going their separate ways ... Eastern fans still want to see a Lou Thesz-Bruno Sammartino title match at the World's Fair ... Eddie Sharkey coming up fast in Minneapolis.



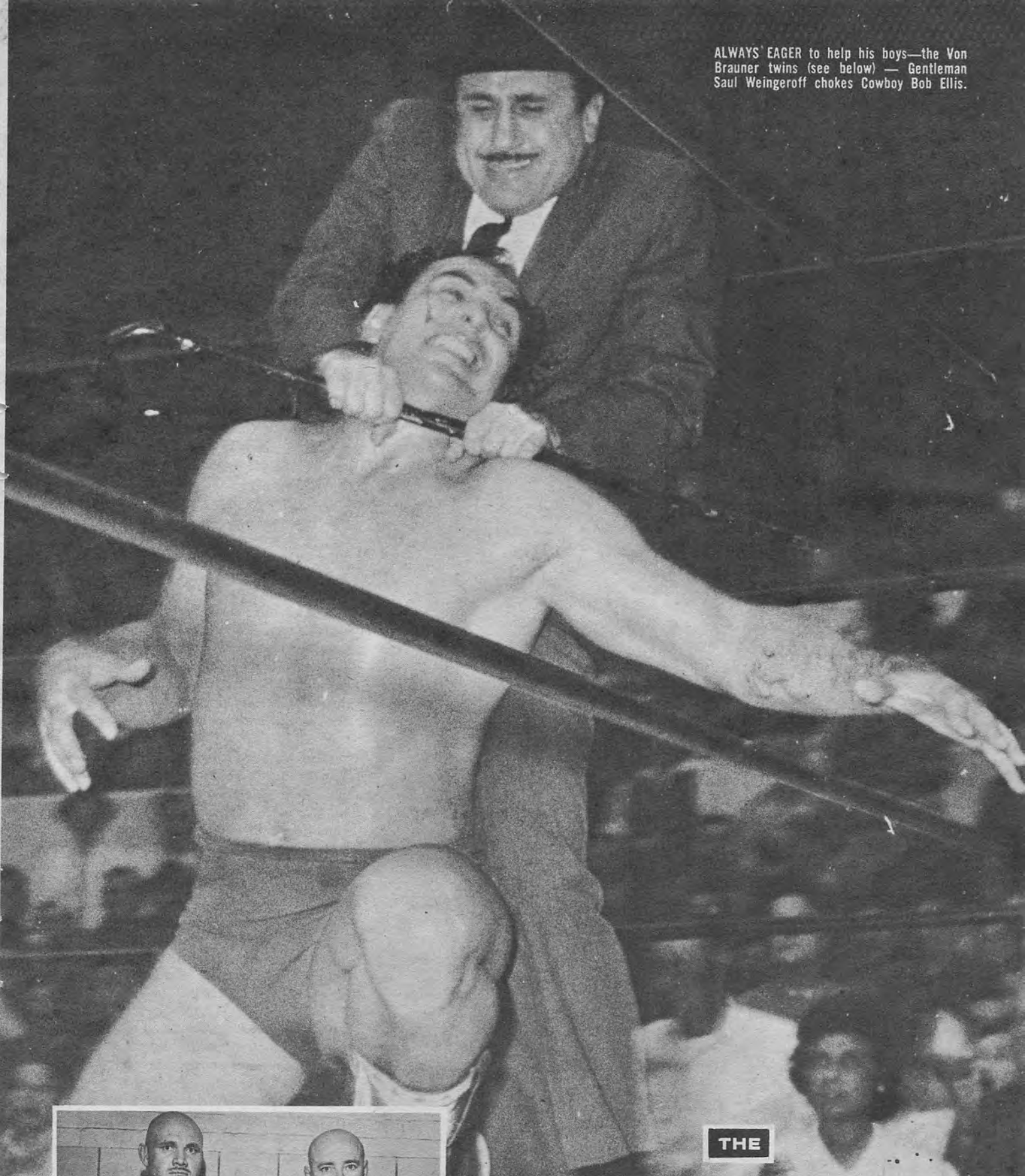
FRITZ VON ERICH rates ninth.



KARL GOTCH — man to watch.

Speaking of the Fair, Arnold Skaoland, the hard-hitting, tight-lipped spokesman for the Capitol Wrestling Corporation, told me recently that, "they have had offers to promote at the World's Fair" ... From the World's Fair Committee: "No one has approached us so far to use the 17,000-seat arena at the Fair, but maybe some commitments have been made with an exhibitor" ... Despite the double talk, look for pro wrestling at the World's Fair this summer. The sport's too popular to be ignored ... Keep posted to this column for all the details of wrestling at the Fair.

ALWAYS EAGER to help his boys—the Von Brauner twins (see below) — Gentleman Saul Weingeroff chokes Cowboy Bob Ellis.



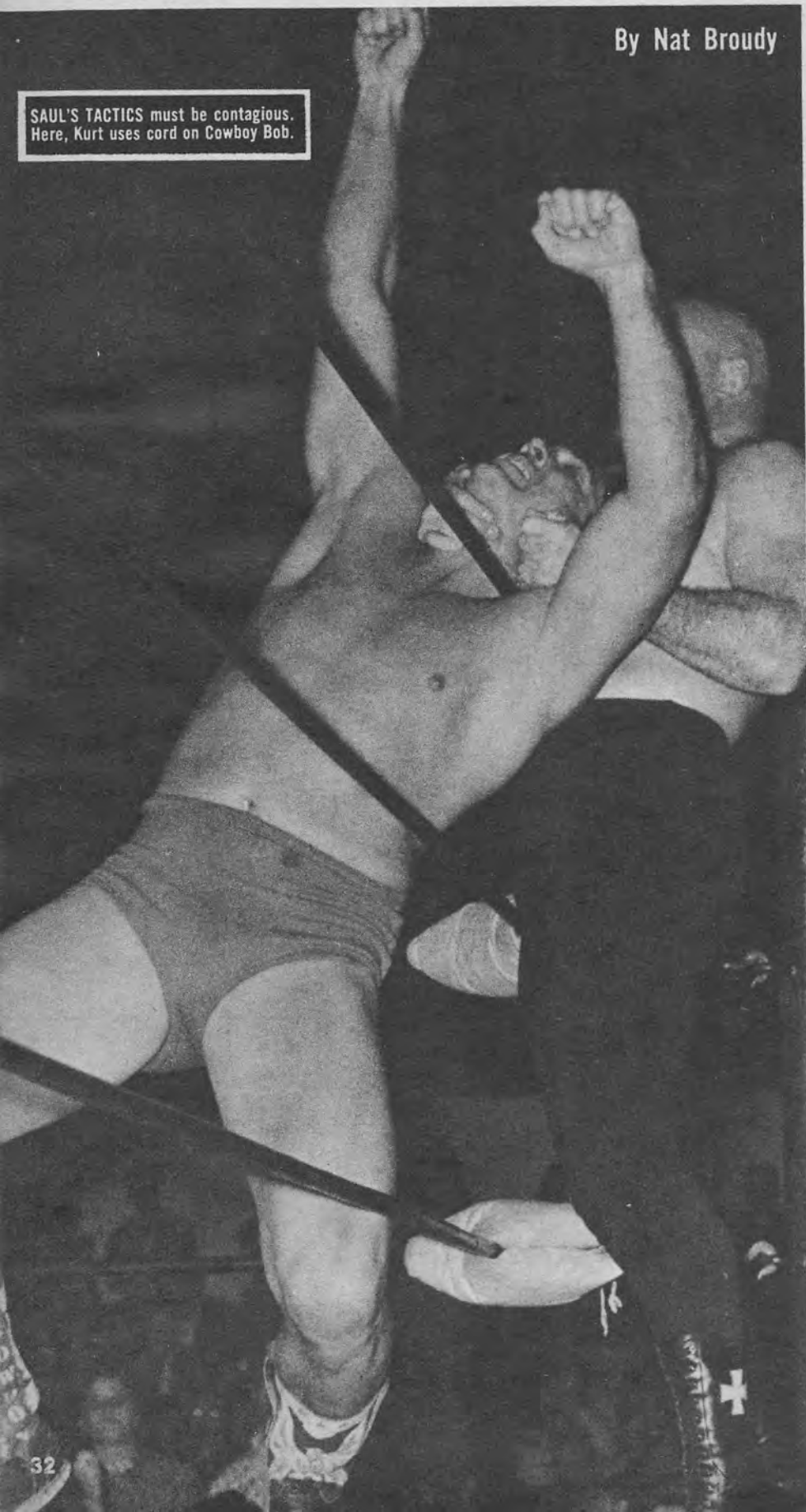
THE

GENTLEMAN...

AND THE TWINS

By Nat Broudy

SAUL'S TACTICS must be contagious. Here, Kurt uses cord on Cowboy Bob.



THERE was but one thought on the minds of professional wrestling fans as they filed into the arena on a certain night in Raleigh, N.C. They had come to see two of the finest tag teams ever to come down the pike into the Virginia-North Carolina area. Kurt and Karl Von Brauner were to tangle with the popular Torres Brothers and, it promised to be a fine match. And it was, too. At least for a while.

Things were going along just fine when the Torres Brothers won the first fall in quick time. It was a grand body slam to the mat that did the trick. Kurt Von Brauner was the victim . . . and he didn't like it at all.

Well sir, from that point on, it just became one boisterous bout.

Teaming and scheming together in their villainous style, the Germans from Munich didn't bother with the traditional slap of the hands to change partners. They just choked and slammed, slammed and choked, singly and together, and the Torres Brothers didn't have a chance. The Von Brauners won the second fall.

Now it was even, and the fans, expecting even more fireworks in the third fall, got them, and more. It was worth the price of admission.

The rush toward the third fall was heated, and it appeared that the Torres boys would take it.

Then, Kurt Von Brauner knocked Ramon Torres out of the ring onto the tiled floor. Ramon was down, but not out and he was on his way back to the fray.

Suddenly and without warning, the Von Brauner's volatile manager, Gentleman Saul Weingeroff, jumped off his ringside chair, took hold of Ramon's quivering body and slammed it like a battering ram into the lower steel posts of the ring.

Needless to say, this time Ramon was out, for good. The Von Brauners had won their match. The crowd went wild. Still the Von Brauners and Saul Weingeroff walked fearlessly through the crowd, threatening to tear apart anyone who stood in their way.

THREE AGAINST TWO

This is the way Gentleman Saul and the Von Brauner twins do things. It is a rough business, but they have the knack of making it rougher.

Fast-talking Saul explains it this way: "I couldn't care less what people think of us. We started together in this wrestling business about four years ago, and we've never been beaten by pins yet. We've made mistakes, but I bet you anything you want that we won't make the same mistake twice.

"Let's face facts, man, we can't lose . . . this is a case of three against two and our opponents know it."

That, in a few solid words, is the way Gentleman Saul treats his opposition. It

The Hottest Three- some In Matdom Consists Of The Von Brauner Boys And Their Well- Manicured Mgr., Saul Weingeroff

is a case when three heads are better than the proverbial two.

Gentleman Saul, who really isn't much of a gentleman around ringside, doesn't let writers get near his "boys." He says: "You might contaminate them with your English. I've taught them to speak perfect English, and I don't want anyone hurting all those good lessons."

Many would like to get through this barrier, but the twins, who wear the Maltese Cross on their high-topped shoes, are wary of strangers. Besides, they are also downright ornery.

One gets the opinion, however, that whatever the Von Brauners are, Gentleman Saul Weingeroff, a former boxer-turned-wrestler-turned manager, is the one who made them that way. And if this sounds something like the song that goes, "You made me what I am today . . ." it's supposed to.

And, as the song goes, Gentleman Saul is quite satisfied.

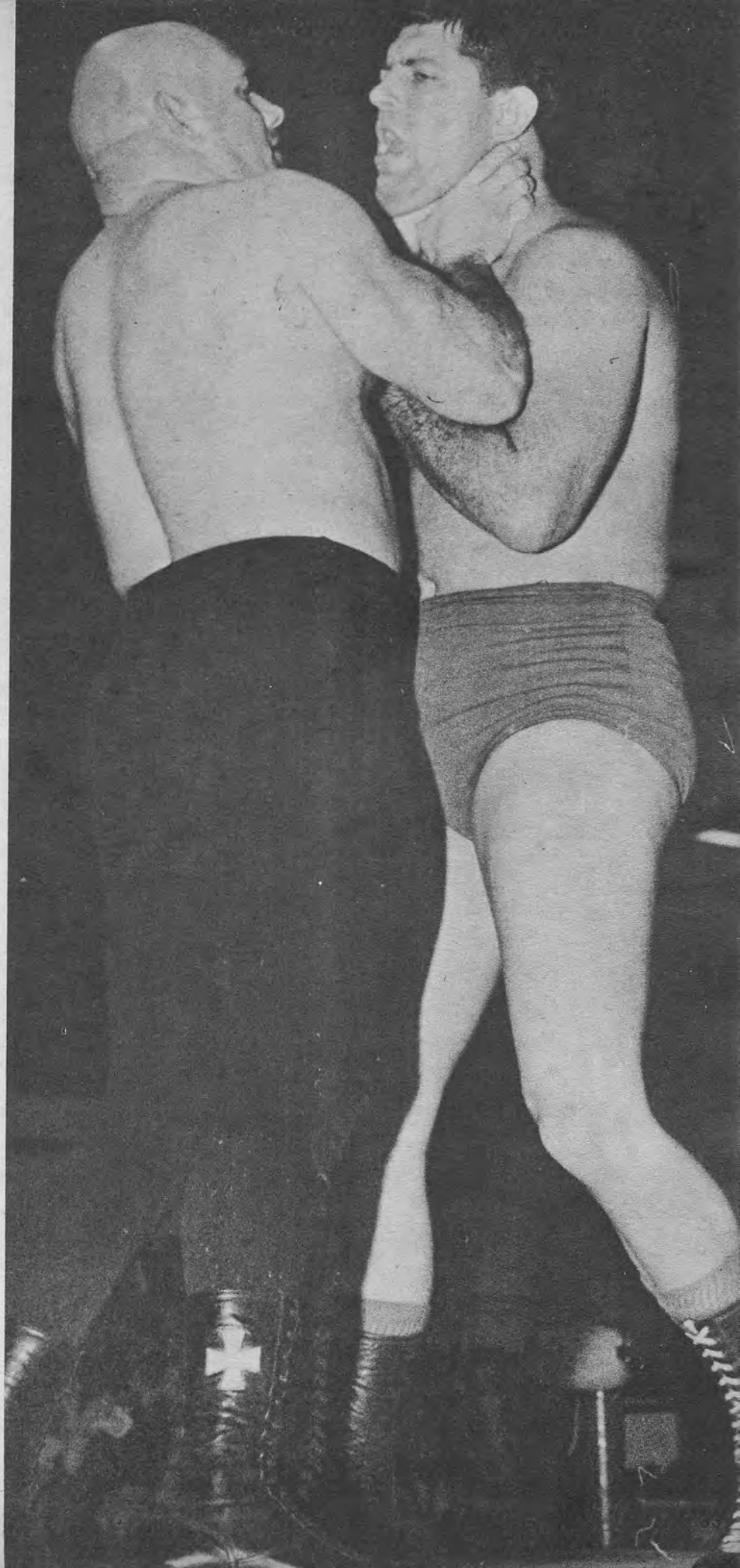
How did this all start?

As a wrestler, Weingeroff wasn't what

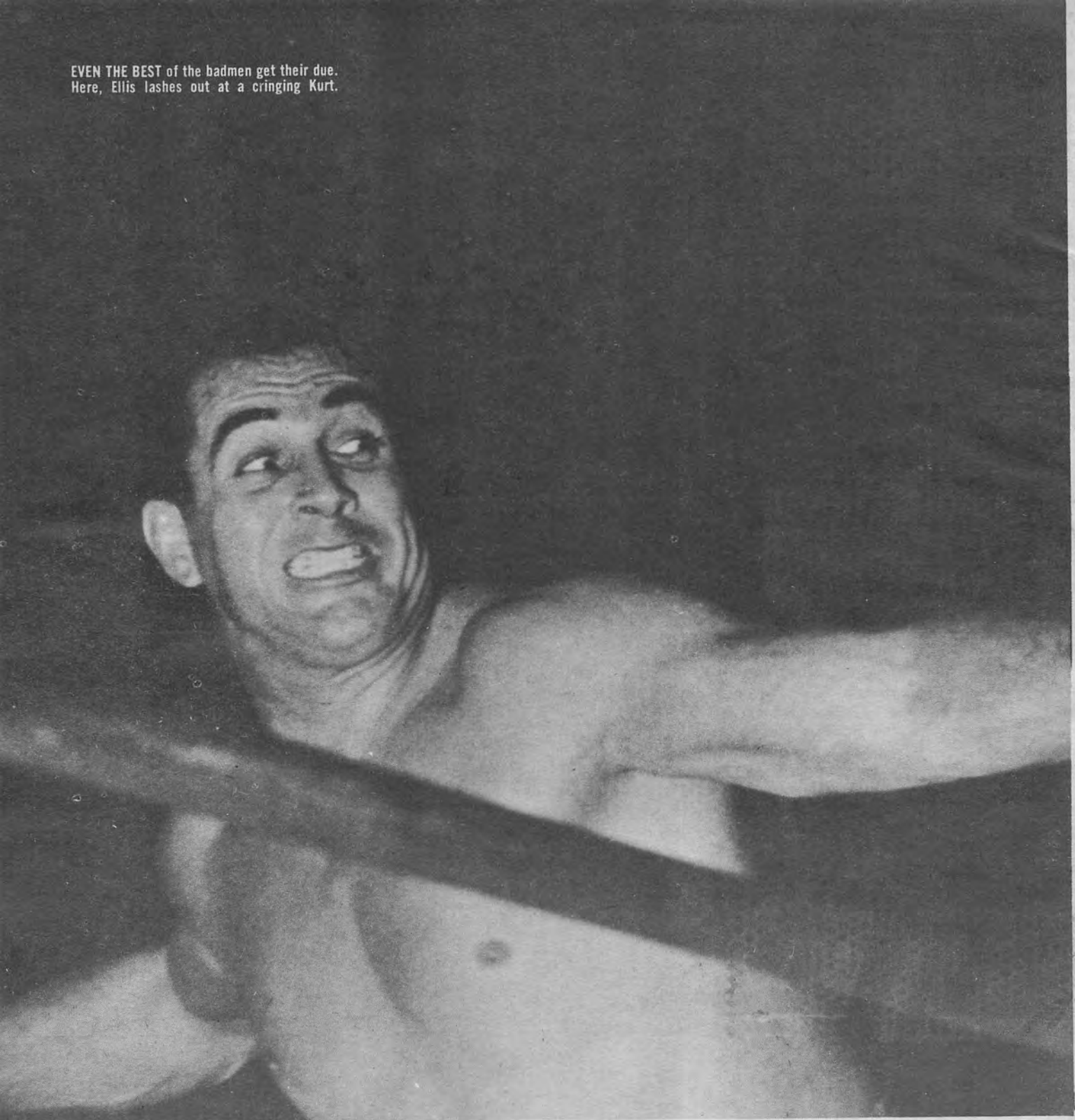


A TRIO of terror and their prized trophy.

KARL RESORTS to choking too, uses it here to gain advantage over the rugged Johnny Weaver.



EVEN THE BEST of the badmen get their due. Here, Ellis lashes out at a cringing Kurt.



“ IF YOU WANT ANYTHING DONE GET A

you would call a sizzling success. He was, for the most part, run of the mill. But, he's an accomplished businessman, who has had other wrestlers battling for him. None, though, have been quite as successful as his 29-year-old German toughies.

"I was wrestling in Munich one day," Weingeroff recalls, "and I met these boys. They come from a large family, but they are the only twins. This was the gimmick

I needed, and the boys looked strong enough to handle themselves.

"I told them I would make them big names in America, but they had to follow me every step. I also told them I thought they had ability, and all they really needed was the polish. I was going to provide the finishing touches.

"That was four years ago. We started out in Tennessee and our popularity just

got out of hand. I knew, almost immediately, that I had something going."

Gentleman Saul was right. He did have "something" going, and it hasn't stopped since. The Von Brauners are one of the hottest tag teams in the country today, and Weingeroff is making a fortune with his property.

But, he is definitely not winning any popularity contests.



GERMAN," SAYS SAUL . . HE GOT TWO

"I don't want to win any contest like that," he says "I'll repeat it as many times as you want . . . I couldn't care less."

CLOTHES MAKE MAN

How did Saul Weingeroff, himself, get started?

The "gentleman" bit began with no aforethought. It seems, as he recalls, that Saul—it was just plain Saul in those days—was always fond of nice clothes and,

while wrestling in Europe, dazzled the natives with his wardrobe. The Europeans, according to Weingeroff, think that everyone dressed like this is an aristocrat, and therefore treated him like a gentleman.

And, Weingeroff, having the personality to go with his duds, took advantage of the situation.

Thus, he became Gentleman Saul. The derby, the blue serge suit and the cane

followed. It was not only a beautiful front, but it sold, too. And, it's still selling—himself and the Von Brauners.

"Everywhere we go, from San Francisco to Virginia, we pack 'em in," he says. "The fans can't keep away from us, and we love it. But don't ask the twins, they won't say a thing."

"Why?" he's asked.

"Why not?" Gentleman Saul asks right



THE TWINS team up to drop Weaver (top photo) and then gleefully go to work on him on mat.

back. "They've been brought up to act like supermen, and they just don't want anything to damage their splendid bodies. I can't blame them, and I can hardly be responsible for their inner thoughts.

"The boys have come to this country to wrestle and to make money. They have and they are, and I'll be the last one to stop them acting in this manner. I wouldn't want to face their tempers if they ever really got teed off at some stupid question."

While Gentleman Saul fancies himself as quite a promoter, which admittedly, he is, he also talks about his own athletic career, which began a long time ago when he was reared in New York City.

"On the way to high school," he says, "I used to walk past Stillman's Gym. I can still remember the pleasure I got

from watching Benny Leonard in the twilight of his career. I wanted to be like him, but I guess every kid had some sort of idol in those days. There were many greats to idolize.

"I remember one day, when I was about 14 or 15 years old, I put the gloves on with some guy, and I got fifteen bucks for it. It was like a million bucks. I promised myself at the moment that I was going to be a boxer."

Saul wasn't a great success. You won't find his name in any of the record books, but at the time he had ambitions.

The years slipped by and, one day, Saul found himself on Okinawa, a member of the U.S. Navy, working in the Athletic Specialist Office. He had time for sports, and, because he wasn't a great boxer, he turned to wrestling. The change

paid off.

"I went to Europe long after the war, and I began dressing like a gentleman. Soon after that, I met the Von Brauners and, still later, I picked up the idea with that poster . . . you know, the President of the United States thing.

"I found myself in trouble. People wanted me to kiss their babies, but that was out. Politics, though, is just a side-line. Wrestling and the Von Brauners are my business, and I'm sure politics can't be any better."

Weingeroff, when he finishes recalling his past, talks about the immediate future.

"The twins and I have gone under the premise that if you want anything done, get a German. If it works for the whole country with this Von Braun fellow and his rockets, it sure could work for us."

How long can this thing last?

"The Von Brauners, as far as I'm concerned, cannot be beaten by any two men in the pro wrestling ring today," says Saul. "They may lose by disqualification, but I haven't seen the first man or men who can team to knock this pair of mine down to a defeat. And, we've fought the best.

"With this in mind, I'd have to say that I think we can last 10 years or longer. That means 10 years from now. Fourteen years in this business is a long time, especially the way we work at it."

TWO COMPLAINTS

All this brings Gentleman Saul to two last thoughts, and they are uppermost on his mind.

"First, there's what happened to us down in Atlanta recently. That lousy crowd jumped us after the fight with (Joe) Scarpa and (Timothy) Geohagen. Sure, it was rough . . . that's what we're paid for. It was just a little close for comfort. That crowd closed in on me, and I'm lucky there were so many people there. It was so tight in that mob, they couldn't swing. It was that bad.

"I don't like this stuff. While it's happening, I don't think too much, except to get away. But after it's over, I begin to shake a bit. This wrestling game is too much work to start worrying about customers, who want to fight."

One more complaint, which really isn't that.

"Because we've been so popular and successful," Gentleman Saul says, "we've run across names like 'Saul Von Brauner,' 'Gentleman Paul and the Germans,' and stuff like that.

"That's all well and good and we like the flattery, but we'll be darned if we'll stand by and let them take our fans away."

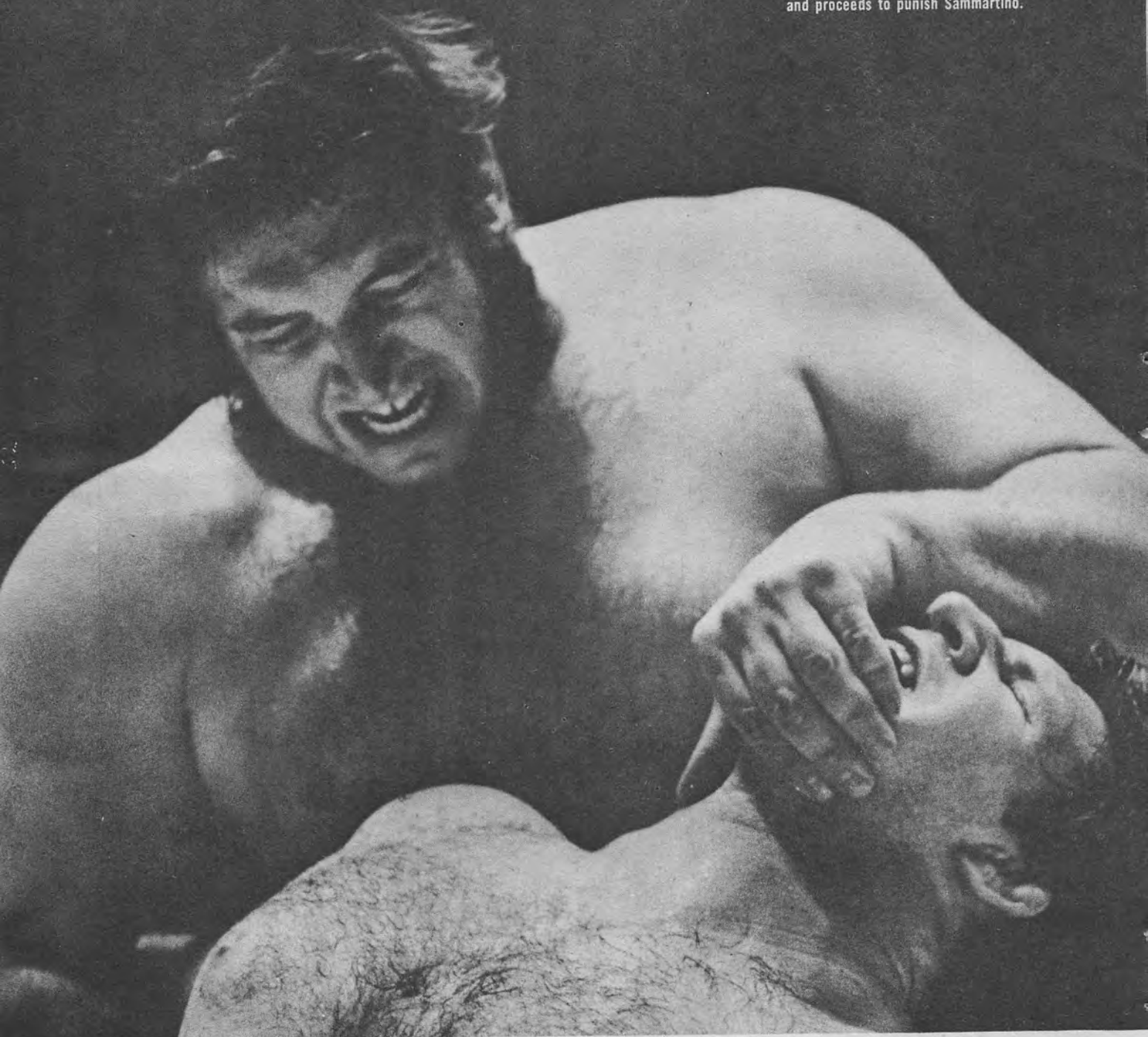
What will Gentleman Saul and his boys do in this case? After a good long talk, a pretty good bet is that they'll challenge them all . . . three against two, of course.

MATCH OF THE MONTH



SAMMARTINO VERSUS MONSOON

AT START, Monsoon gains advantage, and proceeds to punish Sammartino.



HOW does the saying go? "A rose by any other name would smell as sweet? Well, a wrestling match by any

other name, would still be a rugged form of competition. Fact is, a match which pits ability against brawn must, almost by

**TAKE BRUNO SAMMARTINO, ADD
GORILLA MONSOON . . . MATCH THEM
BEFORE THOUSANDS OF MAT FANS
AND YOU HAVE INSTANT EXCITEMENT**

definition, be a sure-fire attraction. Such a show was presented recently in New York's Madison Square Garden. It featured Bruno Sammartino and Gorilla Monsoon.

Sammartino is as strong and as skillful as they come; Monsoon as big. In other words, the ingredients for mat magic were there, and, let it be said now, the participants more than lived up to their billing. Bruno had all the best of it for a while, but then Gorilla took command. Indeed, the latter looked like a winner for a while, but was then dumped over the ropes by a Sammartino drop-kick. The time of Bruno's triumph was 24:52.

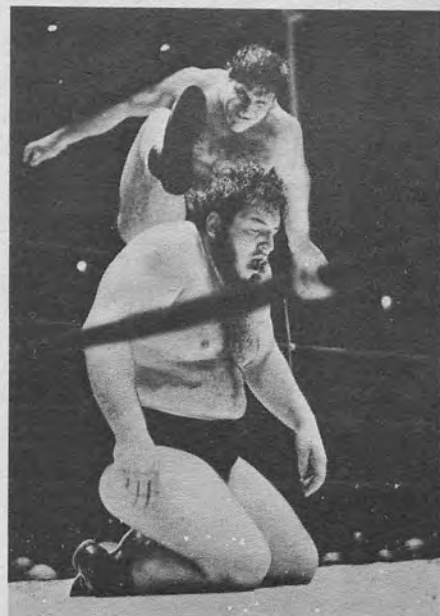
GORILLA clamps full nelson on the struggling Bruno. Suddenness of the move caught Bruno off guard, and, for a minute, he seemed in trouble.



BUT BRUNO bursts free with great effort . . .



AND MOVES to attack a startled Monsoon . . .



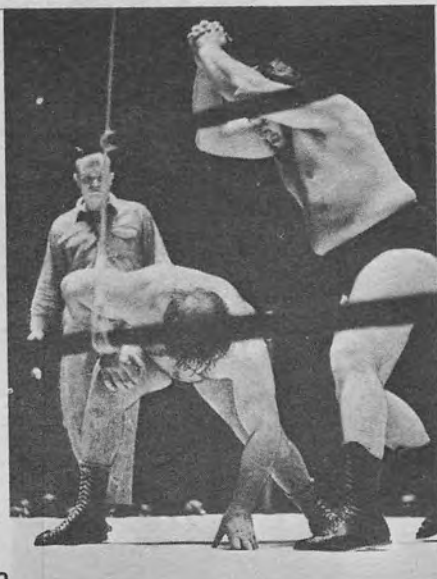
WITH FANS roaring, Bruno stuns the Gorilla.

**CALL IT SKILL VS STRENGTH OR
FINESSE VS FORCE. BUT WHEN IT'S
BRUNO VS GORILLA, IT'S GREAT**

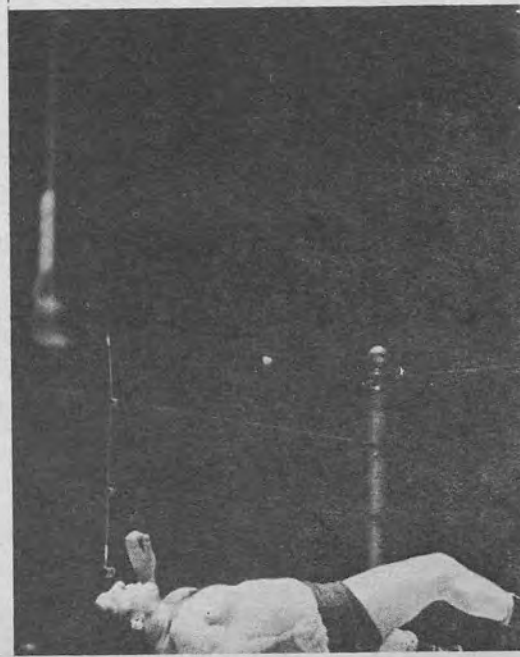


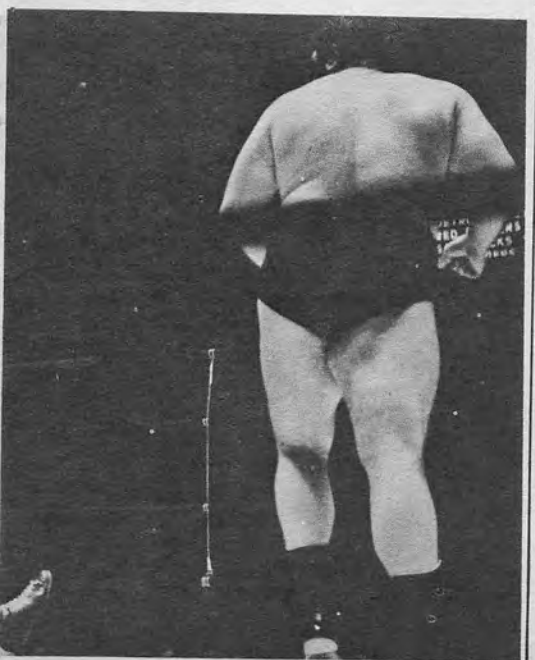
CLEARLY IN command, Sammartino works on the dazed and all but helpless Manchurian.

BUT MONSOON survives Bruno's onslaught, comes back strong, stunning foe with hard chop.



GORILLA then spins Bruno and, at right, deposits him on back and heads for the corner.





FROM THE TOP DOWN

OFFICIAL WRESTLING RATES THE BEST

Ratings

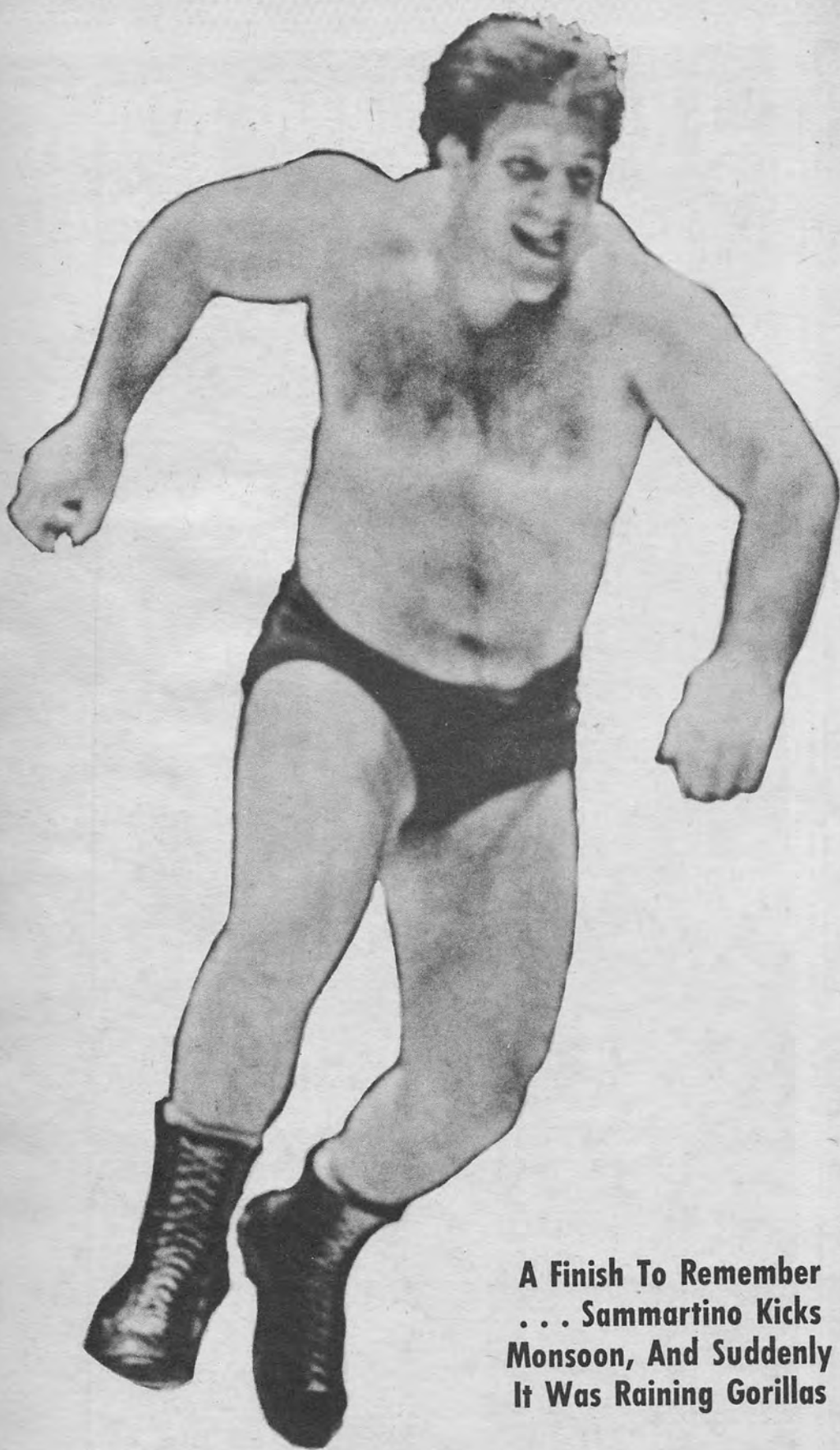
- | | |
|--------------------|----------------------|
| 1 Lou Thesz | 11 Wilbur Snyder |
| 2 Verne Gagne | 12 Pepper Gomez |
| 3 Bruno Sammartino | 13 Killer Kowalski |
| 4 Bearcat Wright | 14 Pat O'Connor |
| 5 Ray Stevens | 15 Bob Ellis |
| 6 Eddie Graham | 16 The Destroyer |
| 7 Dick The Bruiser | 17 Dick Hutton |
| 8 Crusher Lisowski | 18 Edward Carpentier |
| 9 Antonino Rocca | 19 Bill Miller |
| 10 Fred Blassie | 20 Fritz Von Erich |

Tag Team

- 1 Kowalski-Monsoon
- 2 The Von Brauners
- 3 The Tolos Brothers
- 4 The Neilsons
- 5 The Masked Medics
- 6 Pepper Gomez-Jose Lothario
- 7 The Kangaroos
- 8 The Hillbillies
- 9 The Kentuckians
- 10 The Dalton Boys

Women

- 1 June Byers
- 2 Fabulous Moolah
- 3 Judy Glover
- 4 Karen Kellog
- 5 Penny Banner
- 6 Judy Grable
- 7 Kathy Starr
- 8 Jessica Rogers
- 9 Fran Gravette
- 10 Rita Cortez



**A Finish To Remember
... Sammartino Kicks
Monsoon, And Suddenly
It Was Raining Gorillas**





AS MONSOON mounted the ropes, Bruno got off mat, charged (at left) and drop-kicked Gorilla out of ring (above). At right, the end.



MASTER OF THE “CLAW”

SCHOOLED SINCE CHILDHOOD IN THE ORIENT'S ANCIENT FORMS OF COMBAT, TARO MYAKI KNOWS JUST ONE WAY TO WRESTLE
ATTACK AND CONQUER

by Bob Leonard (Photos by Marcyniuk and Unger)

PAT O'CONNOR, heavyweight wrestling champion of the world, was in trouble.

Anyone is in trouble when they find themselves face to face with the wrath of a squat Japanese grappler named Taro Myaki, but O'Connor was experiencing his own special brand of difficulty. The great New Zealander was flat on his back in an Albuquerque, New Mexico ring, weakly clutching at the sinewy hands that probed his belly for a sensitive nerve center. Scant seconds more and Taro Myaki's terrible "claw" would take effect and make him the new world's title-

holder. But it was not to be.

A desperate burst of energy and O'Connor was free, at least for the moment. Sagging against the ring ropes, he felt a new stab of pain as those gouging talons sank into an unguarded area where his neck met his shoulder. A paralyzing sensation coursed down his arm, leaving it limp and useless. As he hung on to the ropes, O'Connor once more felt those powerful fingers sink into his stomach. Hurling himself free in a last-ditch attempt, O'Connor summoned a final reserve of energy to toss a fast drop-kick. It stunned the onrushing Myaki, and

O'Connor dived on the squat Japanese to secure a toehold and a precious few seconds rest.

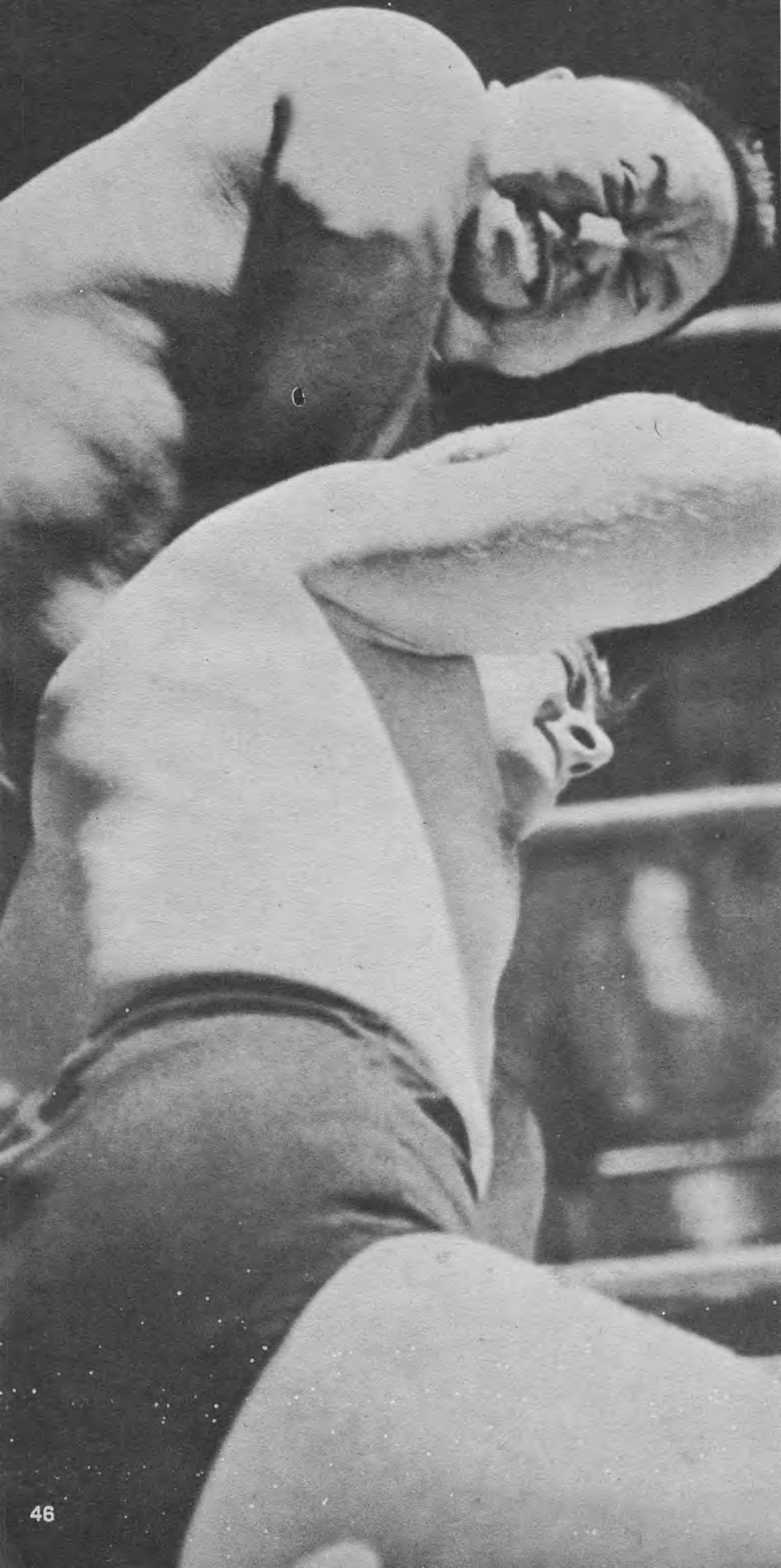
Back and forth in this manner for a full hour raged the classic struggle that thousands of Albuquerque fans were to later recall as one of the most savage duels they had ever witnessed.

"O'Connor was smart enough to keep away from my most vicious blows and chops," recalled the 5-9, 235-pound Myaki some three years after the battle. "If I had caught him with a few more, or had been able to keep my deadly 'claw' on him a little longer, it would have been



IN TAG MATCH, Myaki chops at Sandy Scott, being held by Taro's partner.

GRIMNESS OF struggle is reflected in Myaki's contorted face.



all over for him that night. He would not have had to worry about losing his title to Buddy Rogers. But he held on for a one-hour draw, which is more than any other man has been able to do against me. He was a good opponent, and one of the toughest men I have ever wrestled."

Coming from Taro Myaki, that is praise of which Pat O'Connor can be proud. The Japanese terror rates but one other man as "tough," and that's Lou Thesz, six-time holder of the N. W. A. world heavyweight championship.

TRAINED FROM CHILDHOOD

Born in Yokohama, Japan 37 years ago, Taro was enrolled in an unarmed combat academy at an early age. The discipline was severe from the start, and Taro was required to complete a tortuous conditioning grind. Once in fighting trim, he was tutored in each of the ancient Oriental forms of hand-to-hand combat—judo, jiu jitsu, karate and sumo.

Slowly, year after year, he absorbed more and more knowledge of unarmed combat. Then came World War II and many of the academies were closed. Too young for active military service, Myaki returned to his home in Yokohama to live with his parents and one sister.

Myaki returned to school, and worked at becoming more proficient in the ancient art of hand-to-hand fighting. Immensely powerful, Taro made his greatest mark in his homeland as a sumo wrestler. Blown up to a massive 280 pounds by a special diet consisting mainly of rice, he was one of the nation's leading exponents of sumo. During those years, he also served in the new Japanese Imperial Army as an unarmed combat instructor. Undoubtedly, Myaki would have been the leading sumo wrestler of today had he not been spotted in Yokohama by touring American professional Bobby Bruns.

The veteran Chicago master had only one look at Myaki, but it was more than enough to convince him that he had made a "find." A long talk and a good offer by Bruns were too enticing, and Myaki decided that his fortune was to be found on the other side of the blue Pacific. Off to Hawaii he went, where Bruns trained him in the North American, catch-as-catch-can style of tussling. Once off his rice diet, Myaki slimmed down to a muscle-packed 235 pounds, a weight that he still maintains religiously.

Weight-lifting packed more strength into his chunky body, while long swims in the Pacific surf produced an amazing stamina and staying power. Every fibre and sinew in his body was finely tuned in readiness for the day he would become a professional fighting machine.

It was early 1958 before the astute Bruns felt Taro Myaki was ready to make his debut in a pro ring.

He decided to match him against a tough and tested veteran, tricky Lucky Simunovich, the scourge of many an Isl-

OPPONENTS FIND TARO HAS A NEW TWIST . . . IT'S CALLED THE "CLAW"

TARO roars "Banzai" as he applies vicious shoulder claw to a powerless Dave Ruhl.

and headliner.

The rugged Simunovich nailed the Nipponese invader with an array of flying head scissors, drop kicks and body slams. Sailing into Myaki, he boomed a couple of authoritative elbow smashes to his crew-cut head, then ripped the heel of his hand hard across Taro's mouth.

But Taro came back and responded in kind. He slashed the hard, calloused edge of his hand across Lucky's throat and stomach, then switched quickly to a paralyzing "claw" on the shoulder. With his foe's neck muscles weak from the excruciating pain of the "claw", Myaki clamped on his vise-like Japanese sleeper hold. In seconds, the luckless Lucky lay unconscious and prone on the canvas.

In the rear of the Civic Auditorium, Bobby Bruns permitted himself a brief, self-congratulatory smile. Taro Myaki, his latest discovery, had survived a tough test, and with flying colors too.

Myaki spent the balance of 1958 in Hawaii, perfecting his style and noting all the tricks employed by Western mat stars. For Taro, it wasn't too easy. Gradually he caught on to the new methods, and learned the stock holds used by every



REFEREE Keith Megson doesn't "buy" Taro's bow.

matman on the mainland.

These he blended with his tremendous knowledge of Oriental maneuvers to form a pot-pourri style that was nevertheless a murderous combination. And it was, he found to his chagrin, one that often landed him in trouble with ring officials.

Early in 1959 Myaki invaded the West Coast and promptly established himself as the man to beat in that territory. He notched win upon win over the best in the business, with his only recorded losses being via the disqualification route. Next the bare-fisted killer was off to the Midwest, where he paused only long enough



IF "CLAW" doesn't work, Myaki will try choke.

to annex that region's heavyweight honors before moving on to the great South West. There, he piled up a long string of victories that culminated in his winning the South Western States title.

Florida and upper New York state were also witnesses to his ring rampages, rampages that were becoming more furious with each match. In Florida, he teamed with his rambunctious countryman, Tojo Yamamoto, to capture a bloody victory over those two all-American aces, Eddie Graham and Dickie Steinborn. Along with that win went a version of the prized world tag-team championship.

If it seems that Taro Myaki has won more than his share, it can't be said that he has wrestled pushovers. That is, unless you count rugged customers like Pat O'Connor, Cowboy Bob Ellis, Dick the Bruiser, Johnny Valentine, Karl Gotch and Lou Thesz as pushovers. A tough crew? Decidedly so! But then Taro Myaki has never backed away from anyone in his life.

For one who plays it so rough, Myaki has steered surprisingly clear of any serious injuries. Apart from a split tooth, which pained him for days, and a painful elbow injury which occasionally recurs, he has been fortunate.

Taro refuses to patronize a doctor. He is his own physician, and believes implicitly in the healing power of herbs that have been known in Japan for years. He carries a good supply at all times. He claims there is no equal for these century old cures.

While Myaki loudly proclaims that he wrestles in the approved Oriental style, his actions in the ring are such that little credence is given to his statement by fans and officials alike. His detractors berate Myaki's downright perfidy, arguing that he uses his ceremonial salt to blind his

foes, and employs every treacherous tactic at his command. By his own admission, he is perhaps the most-disqualified performer in the ring today. But he also feels that American referees do not understand Oriental rules of combat, and act unfairly in giving him the thumb.

"The ring is a battlefield," relates Myaki, "and I must protect myself from my enemies. I do combat under the rules that I have grown up with. I do not understand all your rules and regulations. American rules are good for American wrestlers, but remember, please, that to be at my best, I must fight in the style to which I am accustomed.

"Officials should realize this, and allow me to use my own methods. Because they do not understand Oriental combat, they disqualify me all the time. The only matches that I have lost in North America have been ones in which I have been unjustly named the loser by a biased referee!"

On the surface, Myaki's argument may seem reasonable, but watch him in the ring and you'll come away with an entirely different picture of the situation.

Taro bows and smiles his way through the pre-match introductions, but a menacing gleam lurks in his almond eyes. Let an unwary foe turn his back for a moment and Myaki is liable to pussyfoot across the ring to hack a paralyzing judo chop to his neck. An oily grin lights his Oriental features as he hastily backs away, bowing low and muttering in his native tongue.

A hate-filled glare sweeps over the crowd as Myaki stalks back and forth, awaiting the bell. He defies his hecklers to enter the ring with him, all the while screaming incantations of evil fortune upon his enemies.

At the bell, Myaki balks, arguing that

he cannot begin until he has completed his sacred salt ritual. He tells the official that this will purify the ring, chase away evil spirits, and prove that he carries no weapons into the ring with him. After several interruptions from the hooting, jeering mob, he is ready to begin.

"Banzai!"

The battle cry bursts from his throat as he launches his compact body at his foe. Lightning-swift judo slashes batter down the enemy's defenses, nerve pinches weaken his resistance and set him up for the kill. His own high-pitched yells drive him into a wild-eyed frenzy. Now Myaki smells blood. His rage is at its peak.

Attack and conquer are the only thoughts he is conscious of as his talon-like fingers seek a vital nerve center in his foe's stomach. Finding it, Myaki rips and tears at the sensitive portion, while his victory yells blend with his foe's agonized screams into a terrible cacophony of sounds. Even after victory is his, Myaki continues to claw away with sickening ferocity, finally leaving his vanquished foe in agony on the rough canvas. He screams out his triumph as he battles his way through the howling mob to his dressing room. In short, it's a frightening performance. But then, that's the way Taro wants it to be.

FEARS NO MAN

Myaki's battle plans read like those of an ancient Samurai warrior, and have been calmly and confidently formed. In each match, his strategy is to take openings as they come and make the most of his deadly knowledge of Oriental tricks. Each clash sees him drive himself to the limits of savagery, going all out in an effort to improve his already excellent record.

Says Myaki: "There is no man on this earth that I fear! I will meet and vanquish anyone who will do battle with me!"

"You doubt that I have in my hands enough power to annihilate a man? Let me show you something!"

Taro reached into his suitcase, pulled out two oven-baked bricks and several lengths of two-by-four inch boards. Placing the boards parallel on the dressing room floor, he placed a brick crosswise on them, an end resting on each chunk of wood. On top of this brick he set the second one. Then he struck them a mighty blow with the calloused edge of his gnarled fist. There was a dull thud as flesh met brick, but it was the bricks that gave, both of them shattering in the middle. Taro repeated the demonstration, this time disintegrating three of the boards with one swift stroke.

Taro Myaki spoke, not harshly, not threateningly, not even emotionally. It was just a statement of fact.

"You can imagine what might happen if I were to hit a man that hard."

Would he do it? In the heat of battle, this bare-fisted killer is liable to do anything!

The Japanese Salt Ritual

Since the beginning of recorded Japanese history, ceremony has been an integral part in the daily life of any Nipponese. Colorful, religious-based ceremonies have surrounded almost every facet of the Japanese way of life, including the time-honored sport of Sumo wrestling.

Sumo goes back as far as history itself. It is man-to-man combat, carried on be-

tween two giants of 250 pounds or better. The object is to force one's opponent out of a marked-off circle, or to force him to touch the ground with some part of his body other than his feet. Years of training go into the making of a Sumo wrestler; indeed, the devoted Sumo spends his entire life doing nothing but training and wrestling.

Preceding each Sumo contest is an

ancient ceremony, known as the "salt ritual." Salt, according to the Orientals, is a great purifier and chaser of evil spirits. So, before each match, a Sumo man conducts this ceremony in the ring, to protect himself from harm while in combat.

Taro Myaki, the 235-pound native of Yokohama, Japan, is a former Sumo wrestler who decided to leave his homeland and seek his fortune in the rich wrestling territories of North America. He has done well on this side of the Pacific.

But successful or not, Myaki has never forgotten the ancient ways of the "land of the rising sun."

Before each contest, he faithfully executes the familiar moves of the salt ritual, to guard himself from harm and invoke the help of the spirits of his ancestors for the task ahead.

When questioned about the ritual, Taro Myaki explains each move in the colorful ceremony.

Here then, exclusive in *Official Wrestling* is the story in pictures of the salt ritual, as done by Taro Myaki.



Taro assumes this stance, and with his right hand, pours salt on the mat. This, he says, will purify the air and keep evil spirits away from the ring.



Next, a low bow signifies Myaki's respect for his opponent and the referee. This is customary in Japan, and especially prior to any Sumo wrestling bout.



Once more assuming the original stance, Taro draws back his right arm, strikes his left palm three times. This indicates that he carries no weapons in his hands. Then . . .



Myaki suddenly utters an ancient Oriental incantation, invoking the spirits of his departed ancestors to aid him in battle and keep him safe from injury.



Final act of Myaki's ritual consists of raising his foot and bringing it down with a thud. He does this twice with his right foot, once with his left, in an effort to show that he carries no concealed weapons in his trunks. If there were any, he says, they would fall out when he stamped his feet. After this, he again bows low. Then, Taro Myaki is ready for battle.

YOUNG WRESTLERS SEEKING THE KEY TO SUCCESS SHOULD FOLLOW THE BAREND FORMULA AND . . .

STAY AWAY FROM *HANDSOME* *JOHNNY*

by Bob Harding

A ROOKIE in any sport has a tough time. He has to prove himself four different ways; to the fans, to the coaches and/or promoters, to his fellow athletes and, lastly, to himself. It's a rough haul and a lonely haul, because it's dog-eat-dog in professional athletics and everyone's hungry.

But occasionally a rookie gets a break when a tested veteran gives him a tip on how to achieve success. When the sport happens to be a highly-competitive one, such as professional wrestling, such a break is most unusual. But Handsome Johnny Barend is more than willing to help all young wrestlers.

If this seems strange, it is. Handsome John is known from coast-to-coast as a bit of a brute. The only hand he ever gave an opponent was right in the face, and he usually followed it up with a quick chop to the neck, a kick in the mid-section and a few choice words explaining his general disgust for anyone brazen enough to step into the ring with him.

In short, Johnny is a meanie, with a decided superiority complex. But Johnny likes to help in his own way.

"I've got some excellent advice for any young wrestler wanting to break into the pro game," said Johnny, with a cocky smile. "And that's this: Don't wrestle me, not if you want a long, successful career."

Told that this sounded a bit boastful, Johnny's smile faded, and his features grew stern.

"That no joke, fella," said Barend. "Just tell those young guys they'd better stay away from Handsome Johnny. Wrestling me is no way to become healthy, wealthy and wise. In fact, it's decidedly unhealthy, absolutely unwise and certainly no way to become wealthy. Handsome Johnny is too tough for the best in the business, let alone a punk trying to make a name."

This, it might be noted, is Barend at his bragging best. Of course, he doesn't think it's bragging, because he feels he can back up everything he says with his

performance in the ring. There are some who do not agree, but Johnny has a belt to support his claim. It's for the United States heavyweight championship, and it means more to Barend than anything in the world, with one exception; namely, his face.

To say Johnny is preoccupied with his features is something of an understatement. He rarely uses the first person in conversation but prefers to discuss himself in the third person, specifically using the term "Handsome Johnny."

THE QUESTION DEPENDS

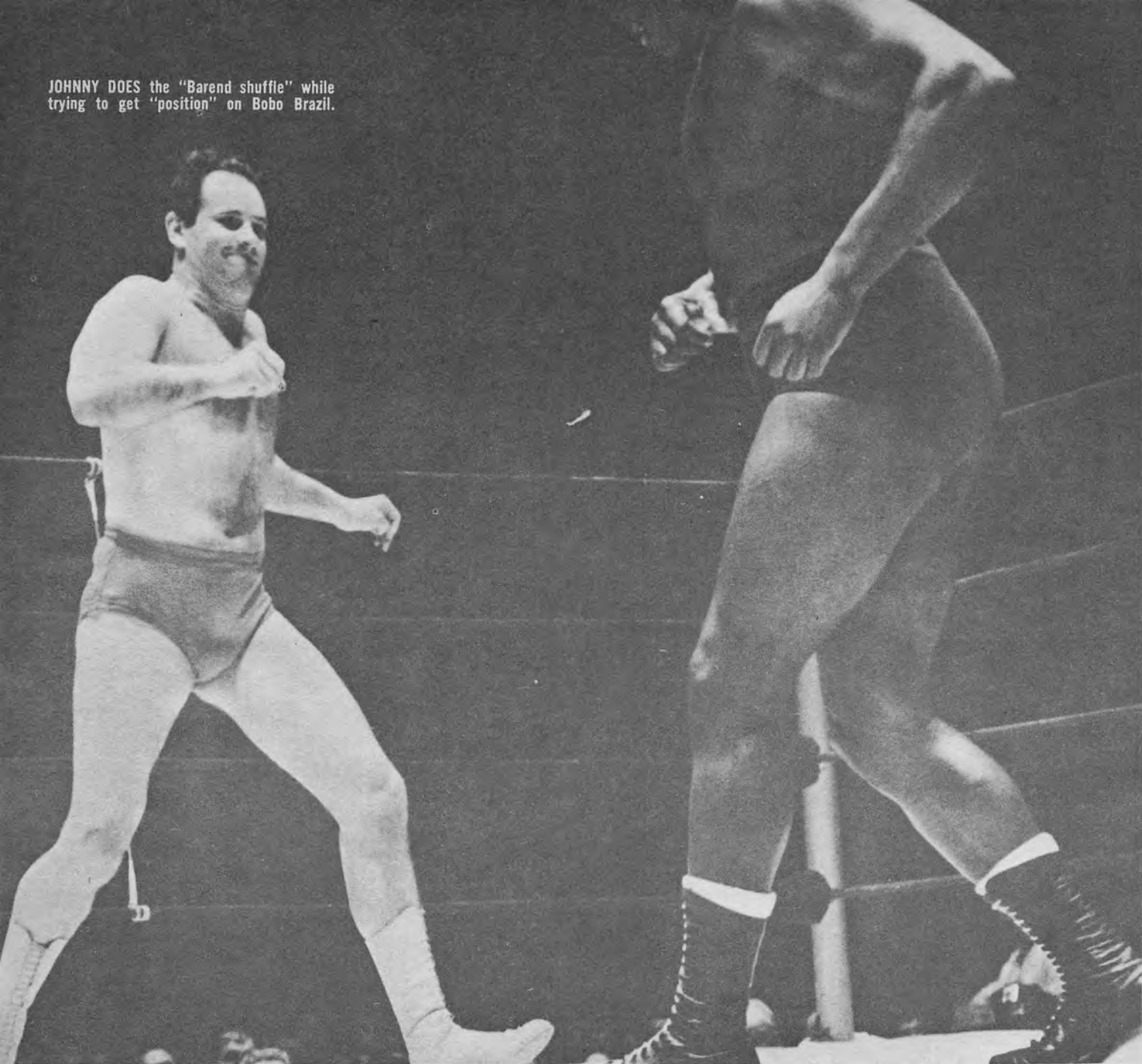
This, of course, leads to the question of how handsome is Handsome Johnny? The answer depends, naturally, on one's standards.

Physically, Johnny is a well-proportioned athlete. He stands an even 6-2 and weighs in at a hard 235 pounds. He's long in the legs, heavy in the chest and has a pair of powerful yet not overly muscular arms. His dark hair is long, but well-groomed. A slightly receding hairline gives away his

ALWAYS A spectacular, if unorthodox, wrestler, Barend leaps on foe.



JOHNNY DOES the "Barend shuffle" while trying to get "position" on Bobo Brazil.



age, which is 30, but the Barend features can handle it easily. His eyes are close set and piercing. His nose has a slight ski-slope turn in profile but it is enviably straight in a rough profession. His mouth tends to be small, despite the volume of words which pour forth, but his smile is large and square and, to females at least, devastating. In short, he has clean, symmetrical features, which few men would turn down if they had a chance to pick their own faces.

But being a good-looking athlete has its problems, Johnny admits.

"Everyone is out to mess up Handsome Johnny," said Handsome Johnny. "They've been trying for 12 years now, but it's an impossible task. I'm too strong and too good.

"But the thing that has enabled me to

have a brain equal to that of Albert Einstein. Coupled with my tremendous physical assets, it has kept my features from being marred. A lot of good men have tried to destroy them but none have succeeded."

Whether or not one agrees with Johnny's evaluation of his features, there can be no argument with the fact that a lot of good men have tried. Barend has faced the biggest names in the business ever since he left Buffalo, N. Y., a dozen years ago.

"I take them all on," he said, but one gets the impression that he has a tougher time with the fans than his opponents. This is due partly to the fans' passion for jeering athletes who speak their minds, and partly to Johnny's habit of taunting the customers. He lets himself in for a ration of raspberries the moment he steps out of a lockerroom. Even a kindly soul

like Grandma Moses would draw boos with an outfit styled after Handsome Johnny's.

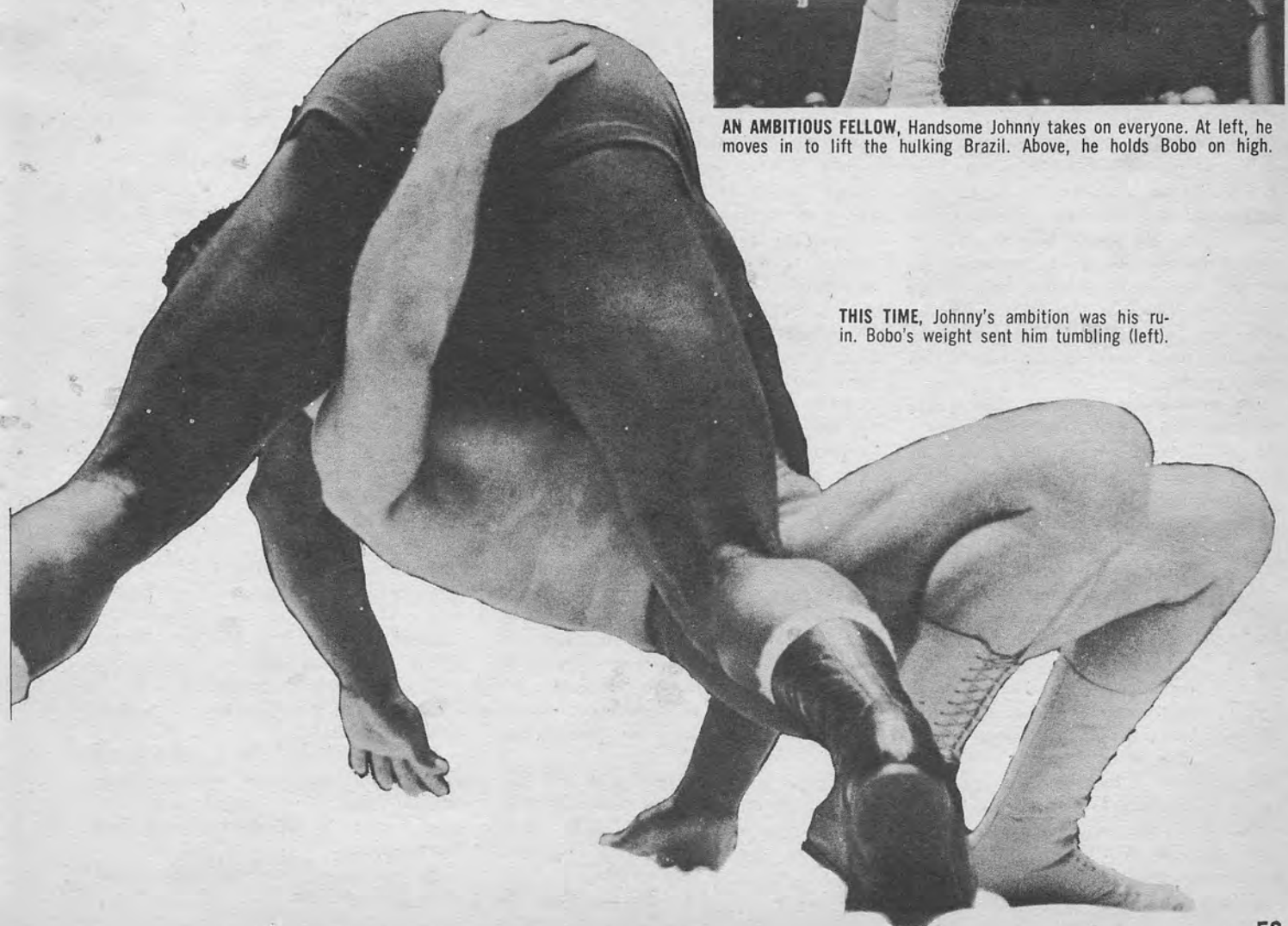
PASSION FOR PINK

For one thing, the Barend color scheme tends to be a rather onesided affair with the emphasis on various shades of pink.





AN AMBITIOUS FELLOW, Handsome Johnny takes on everyone. At left, he moves in to lift the hulking Brazil. Above, he holds Bobo on high.



THIS TIME, Johnny's ambition was his ruin. Bobo's weight sent him tumbling (left).

EVERY DAY JOHNNY'S MIRROR BRINGS REASSURANCE, BUT NOT IN RHYME

When told that this seemed a rather odd choice for a he-man, Johnny had a quick answer ready, and one which immediately ended all debate on the subject.

"You're right, it is an odd color," said Johnny. "But folks don't forget it. Besides, I like it. It's my favorite color."

The feeling here, however, is that Handsome John overdoes his passion for pink. His trunks are pink, his boots are pink, his beret is pink and so too is his cape. Occasionally he will switch colors, sometimes wearing white, or maybe a red beret. Still, pink dominates his wardrobe, and from the reaction it gets, one would have to judge that what red does to a bull, pink does to a wrestling fan.

Johnny does nothing to discourage the fans' fury. In the ring, he will charge at them, raising both arms to shoulder height so that his cape takes on the appearance of wings. You've heard of pink elephants no doubt. Well, Barend looks like a pink bat.

Handsome John has other pieces of equipment when he enters the ring. One is his championship belt. It's not pink, of course. Neither is his walking stick or sun glasses. But they are there, not because he needs them, but simply because they are appropriate symbols of his personality, or at least the image Johnny fashions for himself. He's most aware of this image, because the one thing which is a necessity for him upon entering the ring is his trusty mirror.

Barend without a looking glass would be something like Matt Dillon without a six-gun, Sonny Liston without a scowl or Edgar Bergen without Charlie McCarthy. In other words, the mirror is a basic part of Handsome Johnny. He flashes it like a cub reporter with his first press card, and for roughly the same purpose; namely, for self-assurance. Though Johnny often states that he's the handsomest man in town, he's not quite comfortable unless he has a mirror handy to see for himself. And whether anyone else agrees with him or not, it doesn't matter. He positively adores his looks, and that's all that counts.

"Every day when I get up," Johnny said seriously, "I look into the mirror. I say to the mirror: 'Mirror, mirror, on the wall, who is the handsomest wrestler of them all.' And the mirror says: 'Without a doubt you are, Handsome John.'"

This proves a number of things, among them that Johnny's mirror, whether speaking the truth or not, is no poet. But most

important, it shows that Johnny is just nuts about Johnny. And that just might explain why he's so successful.

After all, the encouragement Barend receives from his fans would drive most men daffy. Or to drink. Or maybe over the edge of a cliff. Everyone needs a pat on the back at times, but Johnny doesn't get it from those for whom he performs. So he has created a sort of do-it-yourself confidence builder. He has, in fact, blotted out from his mind the fact that he's not liked, and, by sheer will power, has gone along minding only his own conscience, and not the yells of the fans. This, it should be pointed out, is not an easy thing to do.

Johnny does have ears, fine handsome ears they are too, and he can hear. When the fans get on him in the ring, it takes a great deal of effort on his part to ignore their catcalls. He will shake his head from side to side, vigorously shouting "no, no" when the boos begin. If that doesn't help, he will cup his hands over his ears to shut out the hatred of the fans. Meanwhile, he races around the ring in large, rapid strides while his face reflects the pain of the fans' rejection. If this fails to stop the taunts, Johnny loses himself in action, springing at his opponent as if combat will end his torment.

KINDNESS COULD RUIN

Understandably, when he bursts back into action, it is with twice the determination he had before, and, as a result, he usually finishes his opponent quicker than he would have, had the fans not begun to verbally belt him. In other words, the very hatred Johnny instills in the patrons seems to drive him on to victory. In fact, one gets the distinct impression that if the fans were ever to adopt a policy of kindness towards Handsome Johnny, it be the ruin of the man.

That, however, would draw nothing but a laugh from Barend. He claims his skills are such that success would have to go out of style for him to miss it. He does, indeed, own an impressive array of holds, but his favorite is the "figure-4 leg-lock."

"Once I get this applied," he said, "no one can get out of it. Not without a broken leg, that is, and no one wants that."

Johnny uses the hold as a "finisher," and few men have held up under it. From ringside, it resembles a terribly complicated maze of legs, but the fact of the matter is that Johnny's legs are wrapped around

his opponent's in the shape of the number four and he is able to exert tremendous pressure; thus forcing his foe to yield.

Though he claims this is all he needs to be a top-notch wrestler, Barend actually has a complete repertoire of wrestling tricks. He began, as did most of the big names in the business, wrestling as an amateur in YMCA competition. He continued his development in the Navy in which he served as a physical education instructor. And, if he appears to be able to handle himself extremely well in the acrobatic end of the sport, it is because he learned this the hard way, as a Hollywood stunt man.

That was a rough way to make a living, Johnny admits today.

"I used to play bit parts in the movies," said Johnny, "but I made more money as a stunt man. I fell off just about everything in California, whether it was moving or not. It was a risky job, but the funny thing was that the risk was in no way comparable to the stunt. I mean, you could get hurt just as easily on a simple little fall, as you could from a very dangerous trick."

SAME OLD TUNE

Johnny left the movie business, when it became apparent to him that wrestling was more lucrative for a man with top athletic ability. He's maintained his show business contacts, though, and numbers among his close friends many top Hollywood personalities. One of them, strangely enough, is Liberace.

"He happens to be a wrestling fan," is the way Johnny explains it. "I'm his favorite wrestler, and I'd have to say that he's my favorite piano player."


Meanwhile, Barend carries on with the same old tune—that he's the handsomest devil ever to step through the ropes. For the benefit of fans and television cameras, he does this in a loud, gravelly voice, punctuated with a wicked, sneering laugh. But even in the privacy of a lockerroom with his fellow wrestlers listening to every word, Johnny maintains his superiority. He doesn't shout, but he holds to the line, nonetheless.

"I don't have anyone to fear," he said calmly and confidently. "I have a title, and there is no one around who is good enough to take it away from me. Besides, when Handsome Johnny gets his two handsome hands on any opponent, he will crush, annihilate, obliterate, defeat and destroy any would-be predecessors."

"You mean would-be successors, don't you?" he was asked.

"No I don't," said Handsome John, refusing to be side-tracked by a slip of the tongue. "Handsome Johnny is so good, that even his predecessors were nothing but pretenders."

As you can see, nothing throws Handsome Johnny Barend!



AT WORK or play, Crusher Lisowski tends to be vigorous sort. Here he shows laughing partner a new step.

**HERE, FOR THE FIRST TIME, IS
A RIOT-BY-RIOT ACCOUNT OF A
DAY IN THE LIFE OF A TEMPES-
TUOUS TAG TEAM – DICK THE
BRUISER AND CRUSHER LISOWSKI**

TERRIBLE TWOSOME ON THE TOWN

by Mark Tierney

THE lives of Crusher Lisowski and Dick the Bruiser are not filled with wine, women and song. They're filled with beer, blondes and brawls.

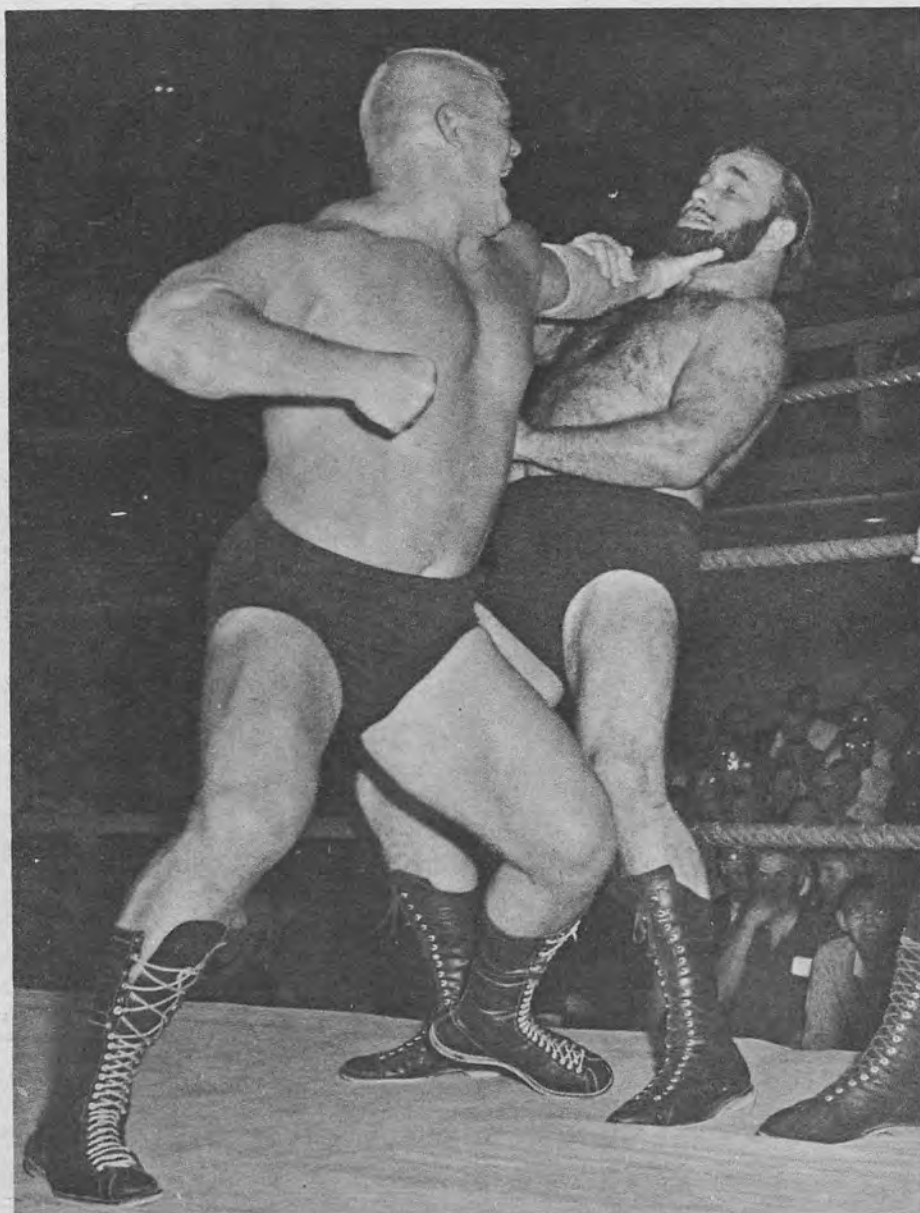
The ruthless and brutal self-styled "kings of the wrestling world," who attempt to annihilate their opposition every time they answer the bell, take great delight in smoking huge cigars, playing pool, drinking beer, and doing just about anything they please. In short, they electrify the atmosphere wherever they go, whether it's a skid row saloon or a swank restaurant.

Shadowing the two members of "Murder Inc." one finds them as popular as Zsa Zsa Gabor with a stag line and, at the same time, as unpopular as leprosy. They are as explosive as New York traffic cops and yet as tame as playful kittens.

Their waking hours are filled with gaiety and danger, frivolity and bloodshed. While trouble doesn't exactly follow in their footsteps, it is never far behind. They believe they are the greatest pair of men on earth and are ready to prove it whether in the ring, on a corner parking lot or in a dingy saloon.

The egotistical, look-alike, act-alike muscular 250-pounders show a friendly attitude toward elderly elevator operators, trim and bowing uniformed doormen and cab drivers. They also exhibit an utter disregard for glamorous entertainers, promoters, statuesque beauties wearing mink coats and suave and debonair gentlemen.

This writer spent more than 14 anxious hours "trailing" Crusher and Bruiser both before and after their no-holds-barred match with Ivan and Karol Kalmikoff in the St. Paul Auditorium. The hours of



IN RING. The Bruiser is strictly business. He sets Ivan Kalmikoff up for wicked right hand.

playing detective proved amusing, amazing and bewildering. At times even frightening.

At 1 p.m. Crusher opened the door of his room on the ninth floor of a mid-town Minneapolis hotel and Bruiser was only three steps behind. They were dressed in dark pants; expensive yet conservative sport coats; beige sport shirts, and dark glasses. A 30-second wait for the elevator brought a loud roar from Crusher. "This joint's service is terrible."

But, when a frail operator about 60 years old opened the door, the scowls disappeared and the roars of Crusher ceased. "Hello there oldtimer," was Crusher's greeting. Bruiser only nodded as he stepped inside the elevator, but Crusher, with a smile said: "You better get on the ball and give your prize customers better service."

LOBBY CONFUSION

On the lobby floor, Crusher and Bruiser spent fully two minutes talking to the smiling elevator operator, oblivious to the fact they were receiving stony glares from half a dozen residents who were in a hurry to reach their rooms.

Bruiser placed his arm around the elderly operator and said: "Pal, be there to see us destroy those Russians tonight." With a twinkle in his eye and a wide grin the oldtimer declared: "I'll be there in your corner pulling for you to beat those foreigners who have been blasting American athletes."

Less than 100 steps carried the pair to the cigar counter. The woman clerk, about twice voting age and wearing more make-up than necessary, apparently was a stranger to Crusher.

"Where's that good-looking old dame?" asked Crusher. Then scanning the cigar showcase, he ranted: "Why don't you get some good cigars in this place? Get some \$1 stogies. We're first class guys and want first class smokes!"

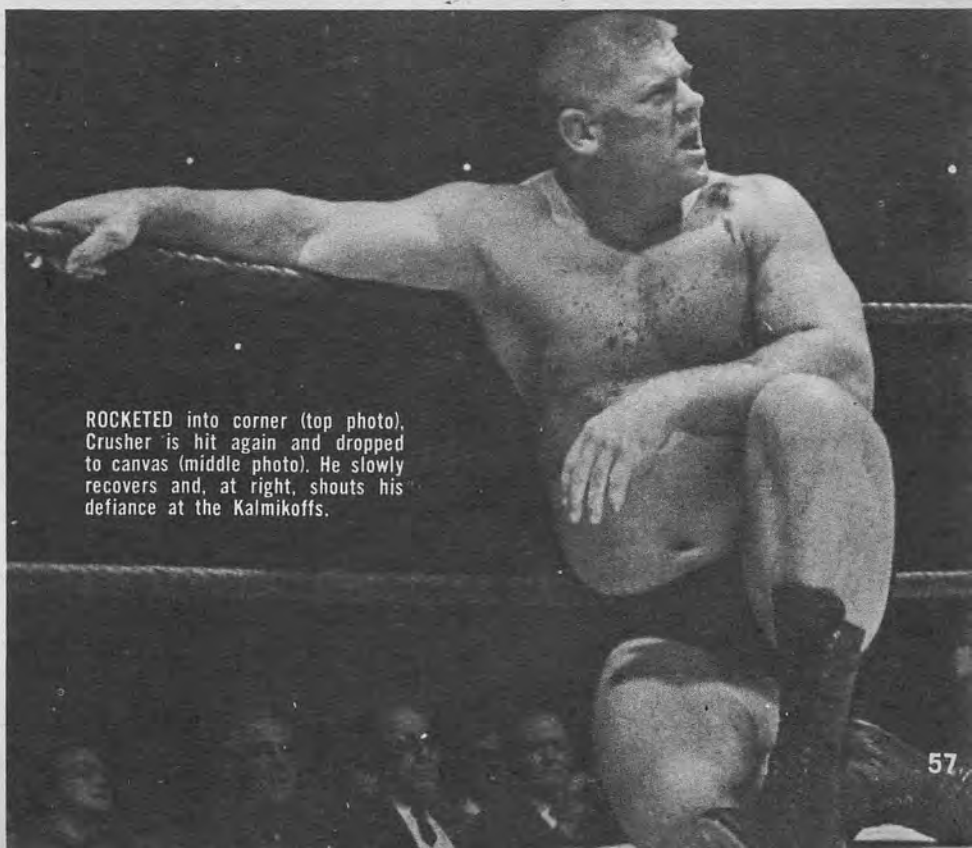
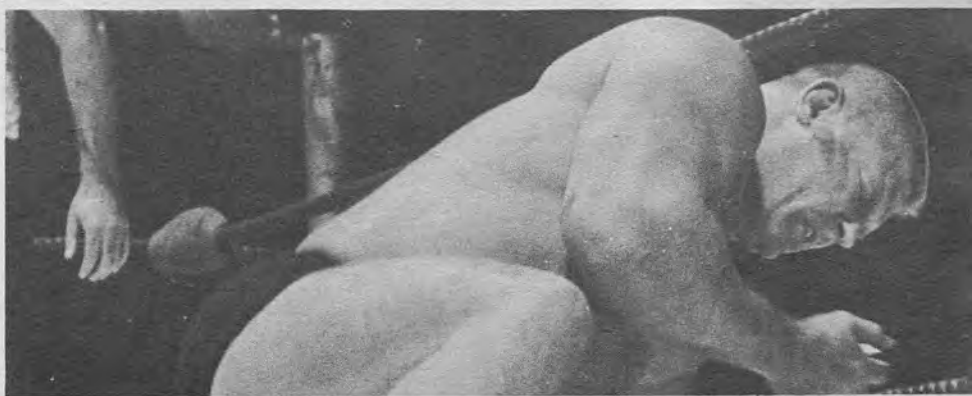
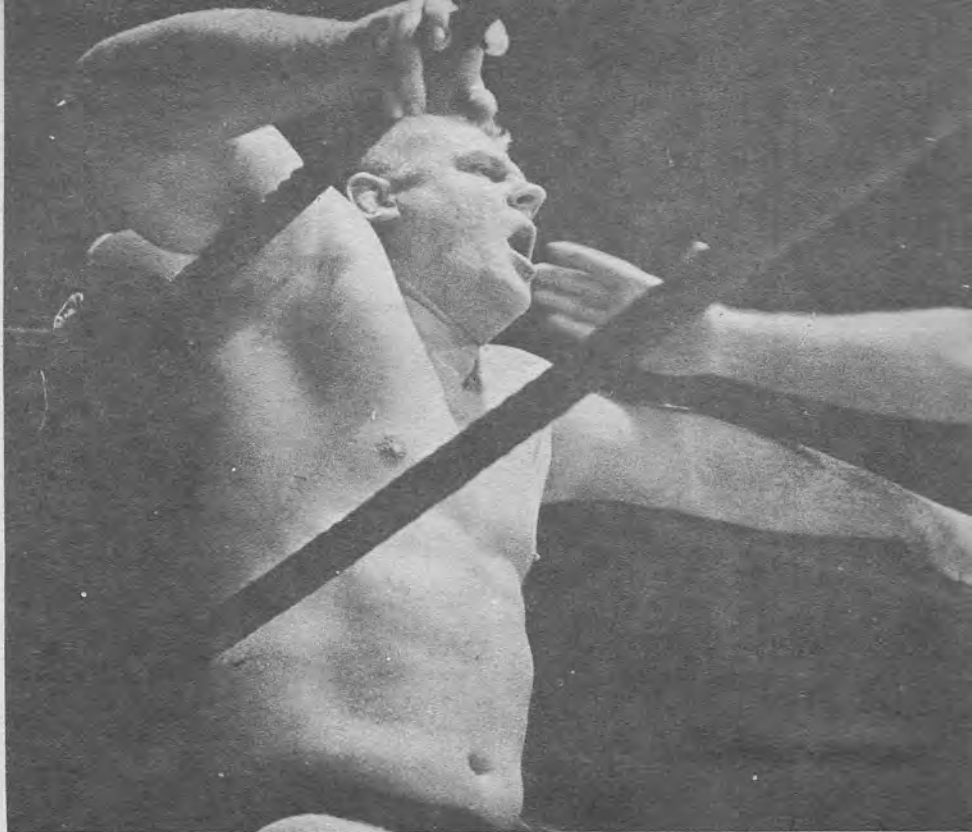
The clerk was shocked by Crusher's outburst and dropped two boxes of cigars as she tried to lift the one she wanted out of the case. Crusher grabbed a handful and so did Bruiser who paid the bill.

At the door the two giants were greeted like royalty by a husky six-foot doorman, handsome in his neat, blue uniform. "You guys be careful tonight against those mad Russians," said the doorman. "I hope you tear them limb-from-limb."

The cocky and swaggering Crusher stood in the doorway. "We'll kill those bums," he predicted.

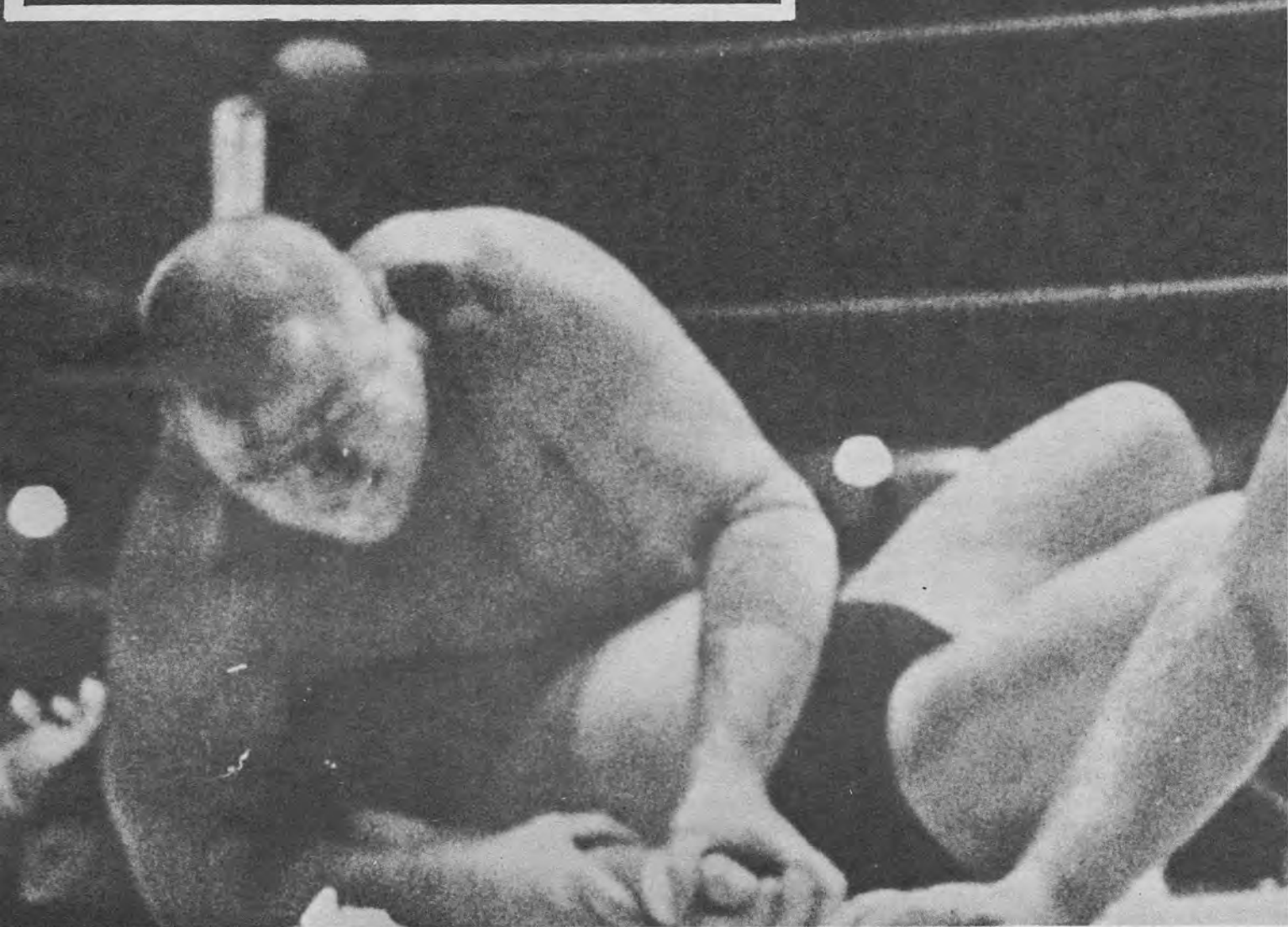
Bruiser, former defensive captain of the Green Bay Packers, led the way down the street. In one block Crusher was approached three times for his autograph and ignored the requests. At the corner both men ignored the traffic and walked against the signals.

As a motorist honked his horn, Crusher stopped and shook his fist. "I'll push that machine up on the sidewalk if you honk that horn again," shouted Crusher. Bruiser



ROCKETED into corner (top photo), Crusher is hit again and dropped to canvas (middle photo). He slowly recovers and, at right, shouts his defiance at the Kalmikoffs.

REACTIONS VARY WITH THE INDIVIDUAL . . . "WISE GUYS," SAYS A WOMAN . . . "TROUBLE," SAYS A MAN



stood with hands on hips. "Try and knock me down," he roared.

Crusher was aroused. "They don't tell us where and when we can walk," he said. "They make laws for other people, not us," he continued.

"GET THE COPS"

The motorist was as dumbfounded as the pedestrians. "A couple of nuts," said a well-dressed man. "They should be arrested. Where are the police?" asked a mother wheeling her youngster.

In the middle of the block, Crusher stopped Bruiser and pointed to the door of a dingy-looking bar. "Let's go in here and see if some hobos want trouble," said Crusher. With a twisted smile Bruiser nodded agreement.

A juke box was blaring a rock-and-roll record, some 20-odd shabbily dressed men and a handful of women were seated in booths and at tables. Only five or six were

at the bar and Crusher pushed two of them out of his way. Bruiser moved directly at a trio and they gave ground immediately.

"Get away from here," warned Bruiser. Crusher, his eyes blazing, watched the big bartender move his way. "Beer, lots of it," shouted Crusher. "And let's get on the move. We haven't got all day."

When the bartender placed two bottles of beer in front of them, Crusher blazed away again in his nasty voice. "Didn't you hear me say lots of beer. That means a dozen bottles."

As if by signal the juke box quit blaring and there was a deadly silence.

After they had downed the last bottles of beer, Bruiser and Crusher began pushing each other around. By accident Bruiser's elbow bumped four bottles and they tumbled to the concrete floor, smashing into a hundred pieces.

"Even the beer bottles in this joint can't take it," laughed Crusher. "Let's see if any of these creeps want some action."

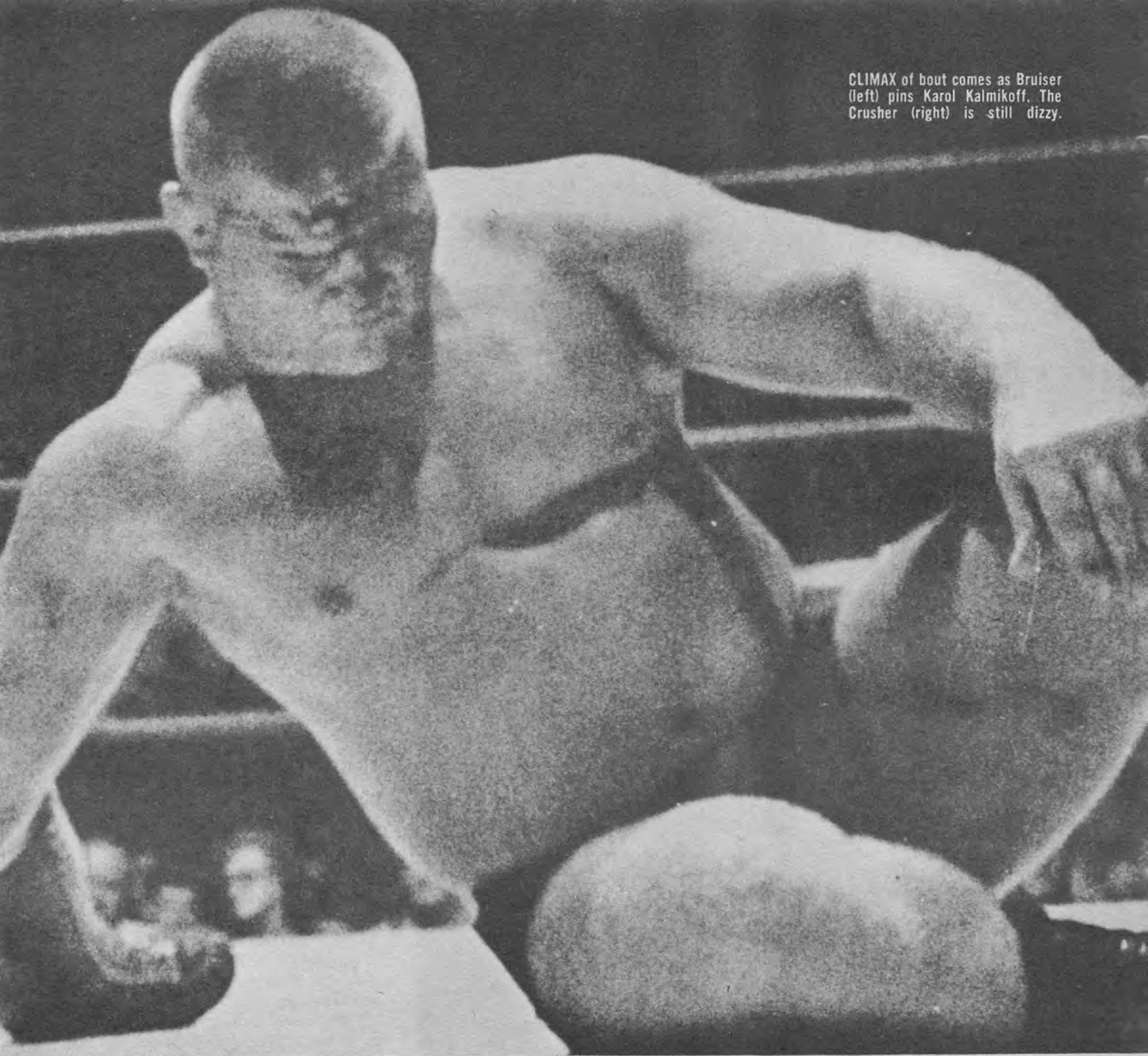
CHALLENGE THE HOUSE

"We'll take all you bums on," shouted Bruiser. "All of you at the same time." His challenge found the men digging deeper into their booths but the women, who had seen better days, showed no signs of being startled. One woman flipped her hand in a gesture which indicated she wished the two noisy patrons would drop dead.

"A couple of wise guys," she said. "They're big but dumb. All muscle and no brains."

Neither Crusher nor Bruiser heard the woman's remarks and finally Crusher kicked some of the broken glass. "There are no hobos around today," he said. "These guys haven't got any guts. They are a bunch of creeps and I don't like creeps. Let's go."

CLIMAX of bout comes as Bruiser (left) pins Karol Kalmikoff. The Crusher (right) is still dizzy.



When the smeared and cracked front door closed behind the two huskies, the bartender took a deep breath and, with a sigh of relief, said: "Man those guys spell trouble. I am glad they're gone."

On the sidewalk the swaggering, bull-shouldered pair walked side-by-side until they reached another bar with a huge lighted arrow blinking over the door. Crusher stopped, but Bruiser continued. For a few seconds hot words were exchanged as Crusher demanded that Bruiser turn on his heel and join him. Crusher won the battle of words when he said: "Buddy, this joint has the best twister in the business. Come on in and see her shake. She's a tonic for jumpy nerves."

A platinum blond was playing the piano and the bar was jammed. Most of the tables were taken and a sign over the bar read: "The queen twists every hour on the hour."

Crusher and Bruiser were escorted to a table not far from the stage by a well-dressed 200-pounder who had the ear marks of a former fighter. If he knew the identity of his patrons he didn't show it. After he handed Crusher a menu he quickly departed. Before a waitress moved up to the table, a four-piece combo began playing the "Peppermint Twist" and the spotlight caught the shapely figure of the scantily-clad "Queen of the Twisters."

"What a body she's got," exclaimed the Crusher, smiling.

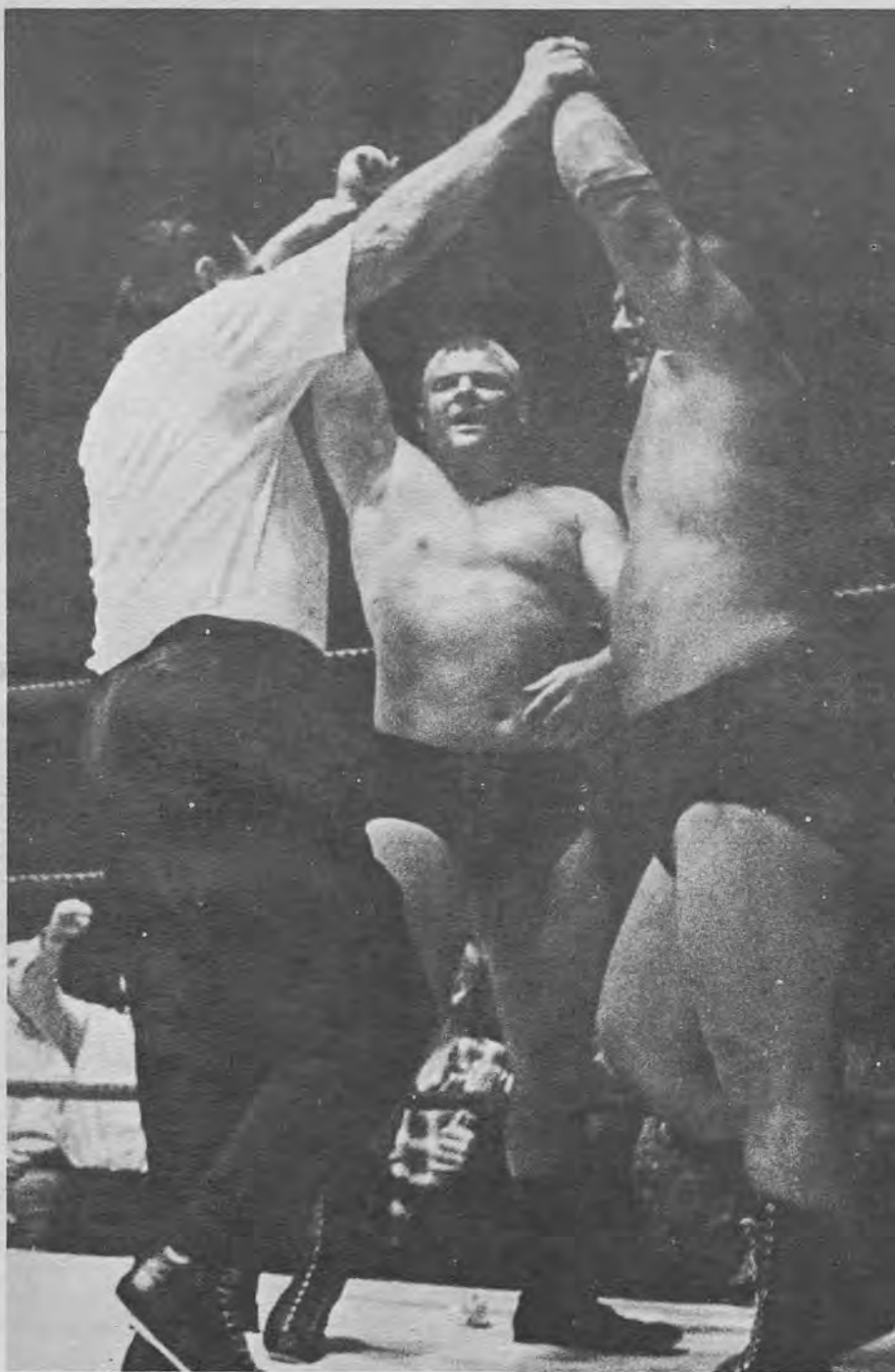
"She's got a lot," shot back Bruiser. A chic waitress, wearing a colorful sarong, tapped Crusher on the shoulder and requested the order. "Four cold bottles of beer," barked Bruiser, "and make it snappy, doll."

COME ON BACK

Crusher and Bruiser had a satisfied look in their eyes, apparently approving of the

EARLIER, Kalmikoffs and Bruiser tossed table.





REFEREE Tiny Mills raises hands of Bruiser and Crusher after defeat of the Kalmikoffs.

twister's performance. As she coyly twisted her way off stage, Crusher took a drink of beer and Bruiser clapped his big hands. "Come on back," roared Bruiser in his hoarse and gruff voice. He repeated his command several times and sure enough the twister came back on stage.

"She must have heard you, buddy," Crusher declared with a deep chuckle. Then with an amused look, he added: "I could show that hunk of woman a few things about dancing. I am a better twister than she is. Bet this joint would go wild if I climbed up on the stage."

Bruiser took his eyes off the stage long enough to give Crusher a sneer. It was apparent Crusher's bragging cut Bruiser to the quick. He remained silent, but lifted a bottle of beer to his lips and

drained it without stopping. Crusher watched Bruiser's big gulps and quickly drank his own bottle of beer. The swinging and swaying of the twister no longer seemed to hold the interest of the unpredictable pair.

Crusher looked at his watch and said something to Bruiser. Quietly, and with motions which would make a crack drill team look clumsy, Bruiser and Crusher rose from their chairs, slid them back close to the table and zig-zagged carefully past a dozen tables to the door.

With the band hitting a hot tempo and the "queen" still twisting, the departure of the broad-shoulder giants went unnoticed. Outside Crusher was overheard challenging Bruiser to a game of billiards and the challenge was accepted.

The billiard establishment was only a block away and the arrival of the husky pair caused more than a ripple of excitement. One customer, who weighed about 125 pounds and had the look of a tin-horn gambler, seemed to hold his breath as Crusher passed his pool table.

RACK 'EM UP, BOY

On seeing Crusher, the "rack boy" scurried to the back room and in a matter of seconds emerged with a cue. Crusher didn't recognize the favor and didn't offer thanks. Bruiser examined a dozen cues and finally selected one. A flip of the coin gave Bruiser the chance to break the racked balls and the No. 12 ball rolled into the side pocket. The Bruiser picked off No. 10 and No. 14 before missing an easy shot on No. 15. The miss found Crusher chiding his partner. "You bum. I'll run the table."

He didn't, but, eight balls and several wisecracks later, he won the game.

Bruiser wasn't happy and his biting words are not printable. "Why the up-roar?" asked Crusher. "You know you are out of your class, so don't moan."

Crusher demanded immediate payment of their standard \$5.00 bet and Bruiser tossed a bill on the table. After Crusher had won five more games, Bruiser went wild with rage and smashed his cue over his knee. "This table is crooked and the cue must be lopsided," charged Bruiser. "I must be nuts to lose \$30 to you."

His roars and actions startled a couple of customers, but the rack boy pretended not to notice. No one challenged the outraged behemoth.

"This is enough," said Bruiser. "Let's get over to the gym."

Crusher, gloating over his victories, handed his cue to the rack boy along with a tip. "Put that baby away and shine it up," he declared.

50-MINUTE WORKOUT

It was a three-block hike to the gym and the doors were locked to visitors. But in 50 minutes, Bruiser and Crusher were back in the hotel lobby smoking their cigars. They loitered for five minutes discussing where they were going to have dinner. Crusher was overheard offering to pay the bill.

"After all, I don't get a sucker like you every day," said Crusher. "So I'll pay the dinner check."

The restaurant agreed upon proved to be one of the finest and most exclusive in mid-town Minneapolis. The maitre d' welcomed Crusher with open arms and appeared sincere in being happy to make Bruiser's acquaintance. They were ushered to a secluded corner and both ordered a bottle of beer and the 22-ounce steaks which were featured on the menu.

At least a dozen persons sought autographs, including two women about 30 who were dripping with diamonds and mink. Crusher obliged, Bruiser refused.

When the polite, neat and good-looking waitress returned to the table with steaming hot soup she requested Bruiser's auto-

AFTER THE MATCH IS OVER, THE BALL BEGINS



RELAXING AFTER match, the Crusher spins pretty partner around the dance floor.

graph. She, too, was refused. "I am not giving my John Henry away free," snapped Bruiser. Without looking up he continued: "These steaks aren't free, are they?"

The color seemed to drain from the waitress' face. She appeared stunned as she said: "I beg your pardon, I am sorry I bothered you."

She quickly departed and Crusher shook his head. "You must be nuts," he said. "The little gal didn't mean any harm. She's a nice kid. Why don't you try to be nice once in a while."

Crusher's lecture failed to ruffle Bruiser. The jagged scars on his face and head, marks of ring battles, suddenly seemed to be more prominent and his scowl became a vicious sneer.

BRUISER BURNS

The waitress, who had regained her composure, was to still have her hour. And she gave Bruiser more reason "to burn" when she served Crusher a bigger steak, a double order of vegetables, and a second salad bowl before even glancing in Bruiser's direction. When the young lady was fully satisfied Crusher had been served, she disappeared, leaving Bruiser's steak on a huge tray. The snub jolted Bruiser. He clenched his big hands into fists and appeared ready to explode. Crusher, without looking up while he cut his steak, continued his reprimand. "Serves you right, wise guy," he said. "Sit down and shut up. They'll be treating you like you've got the plague if you don't quit acting like a jerk."

Bruiser just sat and waited, and in five minutes the waitress, flashing a big smile, returned and slowly served him.

Not once during the meal did the tag-team partners speak. When the contented Crusher finished, he lighted a cigar and leaned back, gazing across the spacious dining room. At times, when he caught another pair of eyes looking at him, he winked. Meanwhile, if Bruiser's looks could kill, Crusher would have been dead and so would half of the sophisticated diners. It was evident that Bruiser didn't condone Crusher's friendly and good-natured attitude.

Unable to control his temper and feelings, Bruiser broke the silence. "Start concentrating on those Russians and quit making yourself a hero."

Crusher's smile melted away and his eyes almost popped out of their sockets at the remark. "Listen, if you don't like it you know where you can go," responded Crusher.

Bruiser placed his napkin on the table. Crusher caught the signs that the meal was over and began to look for the obliging waitress. It was only a matter of seconds until the girl was at Crusher's side to present the bill. Crusher glanced at the figure and handed her a \$20 bill, saying: "Keep the change, cutie."

All eyes were on the pair as they left

the dining room. At the curb they hailed a cab and made it clear they wanted a quick ride to their hotel.

After purchasing several newspapers, Crusher walked to one side of the lobby and Bruiser to the other. Both slouched far down in comfortable leather chairs. Tired of reading, Crusher dozed, but Bruiser continued to read. The lobby clock showed 7:31 when Bruiser nonchalantly walked over to Crusher and woke him. "It's time to head for St. Paul," he said to Crusher almost apologetically.

Crusher yawned, stretched his big, powerful body, and, seemingly without a care in the world, lifted himself to his feet and asserted: "You're right, partner, the hour is at hand. I am ready. Let's go."

Outside the hotel, Crusher was calm and leaned against the building while Bruiser showed signs of anxiety as he paced the sidewalk like a caged lion.

OFF TO BATTLE

"Where's that cab?" growled Bruiser. "The guy is late."

Crusher looked up the street and began to move to the curb. "Come on, he's here," said Crusher.

Bruiser jumped into the back seat and Crusher slipped into the front. "Be careful, buddy," Crusher said. "You've got a two million dollar cargo in this bus."

The cab driver nodded with a smile and rolled his cab slowly but carefully into the traffic. The trip to St. Paul was slow and deliberate as though the driver real-

CRUSHER gives waitress tips on "wolf" trot.



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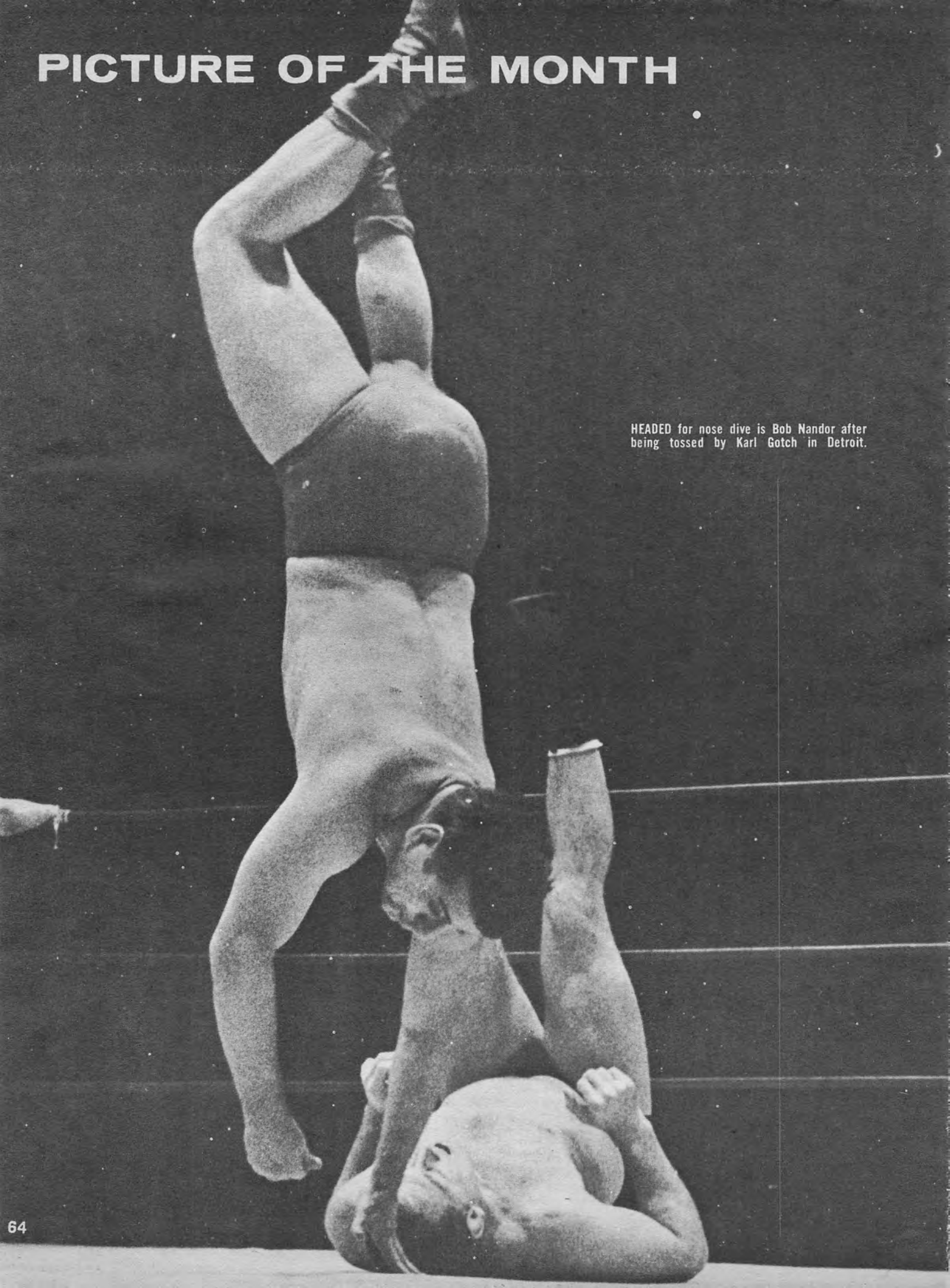
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PICTURE OF THE MONTH

HEADED for nose dive is Bob Nandor after being tossed by Karl Gotch in Detroit.



BRUISER-CRUSHER

ized the value of his precious cargo—or was it fear of their wrath?

Entering the Auditorium through a side entrance, the tag-team partners found their huge and elaborate bags at the door. They picked them up and headed for their dressing room. Crusher stopped once to talk to an attractive brunette for a few seconds. He completely ignored promoter Eddie Williams, following a command by Bruiser "to hurry up." Once their door was closed behind them they refused to open it. Even veteran Tiny Mills, who was to be the referee, was ignored. A newspaper photographer was denied entrance. There was complete silence.

The door remained locked until Williams kicked on it for several minutes and shouted: "Five minutes until ring time."

It was at least 10 minutes before the door opened and Crusher stepped out, followed by Bruiser. They brushed off at least 35 admirers and headed for the ring.

Their entrance into the huge arena was greeted by wild cheers, a handful of boos. Tonight, for a change, they were the favored sons as they faced the Russians.

Several policemen escorted them to the ring and when they jumped over the top ropes the crowd of more than 8,000 gave them a tremendous ovation.

WHANG, BANG, BOOM

Before the bell could ring and the four men were introduced, Crusher and Bruiser raced across the ring and began battering the Kalmikoffs. The hated Russians fought back and the bout turned into a free-for-all with all four men swinging their fists. Mills tried to interfere but was pushed aside. The battling was savage and brutal. Before five minutes had elapsed all four men were bleeding profusely from cuts about the face and head.

With Bruiser stunned, the Kalmikoffs double-teamed Crusher. The crowd pleaded for Bruiser to come to life and yelled for Mills to control the Russians. The Kalmikoffs finally picked Crusher up and tossed him over the top rope to the concrete floor.

The ringside customers were on their feet as the Russians moved toward Bruiser. But a mighty effort by Bruiser saw him tear away from Ivan and then slam him against the ropes. Then he landed a right to the chin. The blow dropped Ivan in his tracks and Bruiser turned just in time to catch Karol with a throat chop. Karol went down and Bruiser promptly tossed him out of the ring.

Then Bruiser turned his attentions to Ivan. The two men stood toe-to-toe and slugged it out, neither giving ground. Ivan was dead game and his quick reflexes caught Bruiser missing a shoulder block and tumbling out of the ring. In a split second, Ivan was on top of Bruiser, and Karol joined in the attack. Crusher was still helpless on the other side of the ring and the crowd chanted: "Get up Crusher."

And Crusher got up. He finally stag-

continued on page 81

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BILLY (RED) LYONS: EIGHT SECOND WONDER

By Earle Yetter

LYONS CLAMPS on his patented reverse cradle hold and pins foe, Mike Valentino.





ANOTHER OF BILLY'S specialties is the body scissors in which he rolls opponent around the ring. Here, he uses it on Mexican Ramon Lopez.

CAT-QUICK AND TIGER-TOUGH, THIS POWERFUL CANADIAN CAN FELL A FOE FASTER THAN A NAME-DROPPER CAN SAY JACKIE ROBINSON IN CHOCK-FULL-OF-NUTS

BILLY (Red) Lyons, a 6-2, 238-pounder out of Hamilton, Ontario in Canada, is a big man in wrestling circles, but not because of his size. Indeed, by wrestling standards, his physique is little more than adequate and far from exceptional. His speed, however, is something else again. Billy can start quicker than a super-charger and end matches faster than most wrestlers can put on their trunks. If you don't believe it, then look back at the night he first invaded the United States on the invitation of promoter Pedro Martinez.

Martinez had booked Lyons and 340-pound Roy Campbell to fill out a Buffalo card. In the promoter's mind the bout was appealing. Both had talent, speed, strength and ambition. But neither had the ability to predict weather.

It was December—and unless you've seen some of the up-state New York weather you can't believe it. But anything above zero is a balmy day to the natives, so they showed up 10,000 strong, like a bunch of couriers completing their appointed rounds. They were not disappointed.

Lyons and Campbell—like a pair of jacks—were the openers, and if you wasted eight seconds to check your coat and hat you missed the bout. That's all it took.

Lyons opened with a flying drop kick

to the chin and followed with the same attack to the nose; he fell on the stunned Campbell and awaited the count. The whole thing took eight seconds and equalled the world's record.

(The record was set some 40 years ago in far off Calcutta, India. Stan Zyby-sko was in his heyday and was offered \$10,000 to make the trip and take on the Great Gama. The trip is one of Zyby-sko's best remembered mistakes, because Gama pinned him quickly, like one-two-three-four-five-six-seven-eight!)

Lyons had come to the attention of Martinez with a long list of victories—and though the victories had been consecutive there were no real big names on the list. Martinez figured the boy deserved a chance because it was impossible for that many men to "roll over and play dead" for Lyons.

Mighty Atlas was a top wrestler, a professional strong man and a well-known TV personality around Chicago. The arrangements were made. Again it was to be Buffalo and this time Lyons and Atlas drew 8,000 fans.

This bout took longer, 13 seconds longer, in fact. The drop kick again did the trick and Martinez realized he had found a diamond in the rough. But, the diamond needed polishing. If it had a flaw Hans Schmidt was the man to find it.

The pair were booked and—as it has

happened to so many men—a slip of a girl proved to be Lyons' downfall.

LADY LENDS A HAND

The bout opened up with the gentleness of an alley brawl and progressively got worse. Schmidt didn't lose anything but "face," and Lyons gained a lot of admirers. At 11:15 Lyons came out of a corner tugging match and went flying over the ropes, landing at the feet of an astonished and sympathetic young lady.

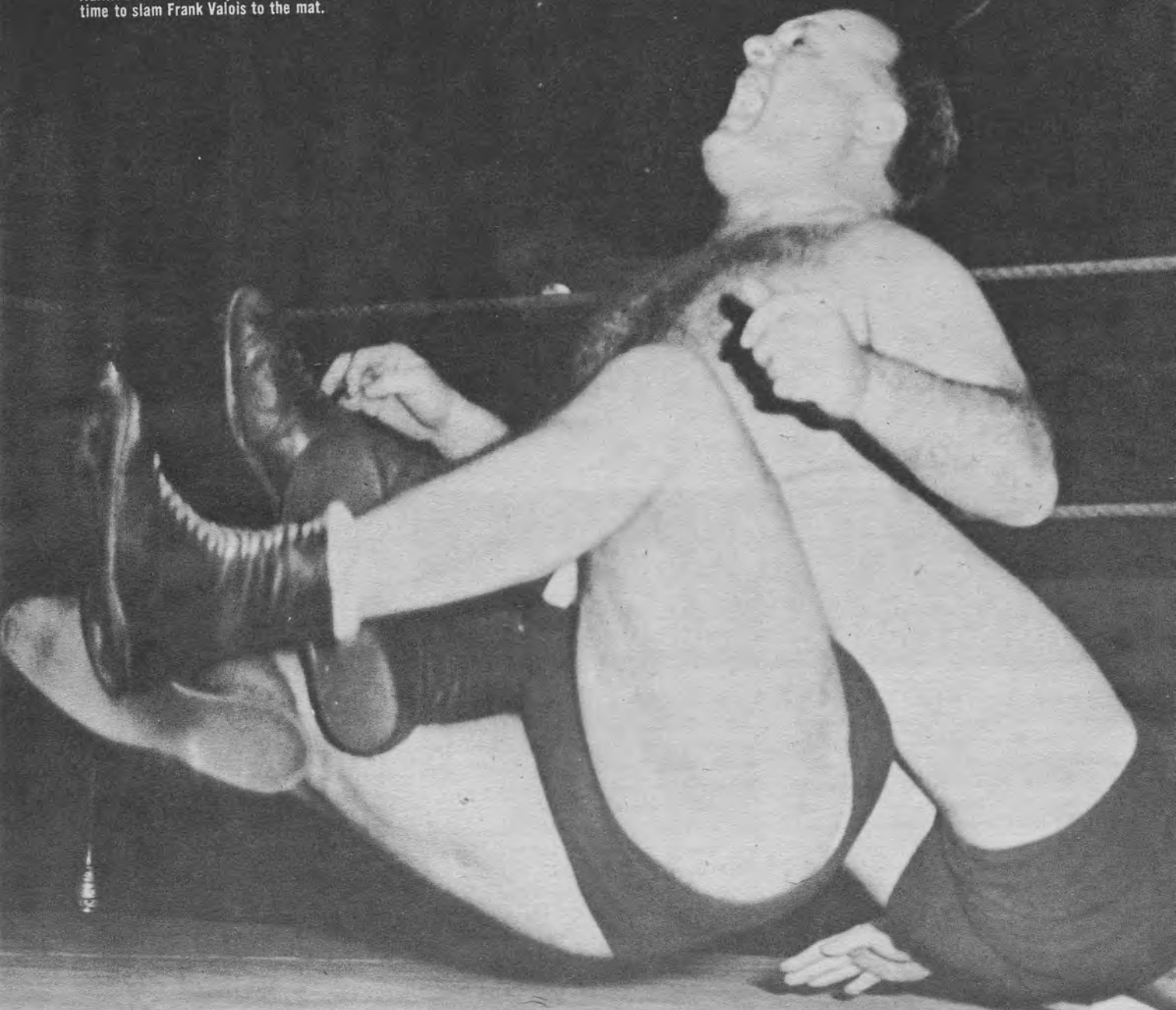
The young lady decided to help and proceeded to get in Lyons' way. His choice was simple, push her to one side and maybe hurt her, or try to convince her to get out of the way. He tried persuasion, but it took too long.

He was counted out, and went home with the respect of the crowd ringing in his ears and a defeat written against him in the record book. The records, incidentally, don't show what happened to the lady.

Lyons had but one road open to him after that. He had to get Schmidt back into the ring. Negotiations were finally completed and another brawl that would have done justice to Pier Six was run off.

Lyons again proved he had no fear of the German strong man and the bout was highlighted by a long series of vicious exchanges. It finally got to the point where Schmidt's continual ignoring of the referee's instructions led to his disqualification.

AGAIN BILLY uses body scissors, this time to slam Frank Valois to the mat.



If anybody learned anything from this disqualification it was the astute Mr. Martinez. He liked what he saw—Lyons had claws and would use them if agitated.

Lyons next break came as the result of a biiiiig mouth. And the mouth belonged to Fritz Von Ehrich. Fritz was scheduled

to meet Bobo Brazil in Buffalo, but Brazil was delayed in reaching the arena. A substitute battle between Lyons and Chief Chewacki was quickly arranged.

The men quickly dressed for the match but before it got under way Von Ehrich was standing in the middle of the ring

screaming for "justice." It was his bout originally and he felt he should be a participant. Major labor disputes have been settled with less conversation. Finally it was agreed that Von Ehrich had a valid argument and he was allowed to wrestle Lyons. Big Fritz' opening offense consisted of a punch in the face and a punt in the pants of Lyons.

FRITZ' MISTAKE

Lyons started to stagger and Von Ehrich moved in for the kill. That was a mistake. Lyons clamped on a shoulder and neck hold and threw Von across the ring and into the ropes. Catching him as he bounced off, Lyons applied a reverse shoulder

**BEFORE BUFFALO, BILLY WAS A
BUSY MAN . . . STANDING STILL**

stand. It was over in 40 seconds flat.

Although the result left little to be desired, the fanfare and noise that preceded it caused enough interest for a rematch. Martinez collected the required signatures quickly.

In the return engagement Von Ehrich started with the usual power tactics—a large dose of punches, kicks and an occasional elbow—and Lyons took quite a beating for a while. Billy figured he'd better wait for a mistake, but it proved to be quite a wait.

Lyons finally maneuvered Von Ehrich to the middle of the ring and, for his troubles, got a violent boot in the midriff. Von Ehrich tried it a second time but this time Lyons was waiting like a motorcycle cop behind a billboard. He grabbed Von Ehrich, took him to the ropes, toppled him backward with a reverse shoulder stand for a 4:08 victory that brought down the house.

These two victories, both very fast and both unquestionable, proved the ability of Billy Lyons. He had demonstrated that he was a wrestler deserving of meeting the

top men in the game. The future was very bright.

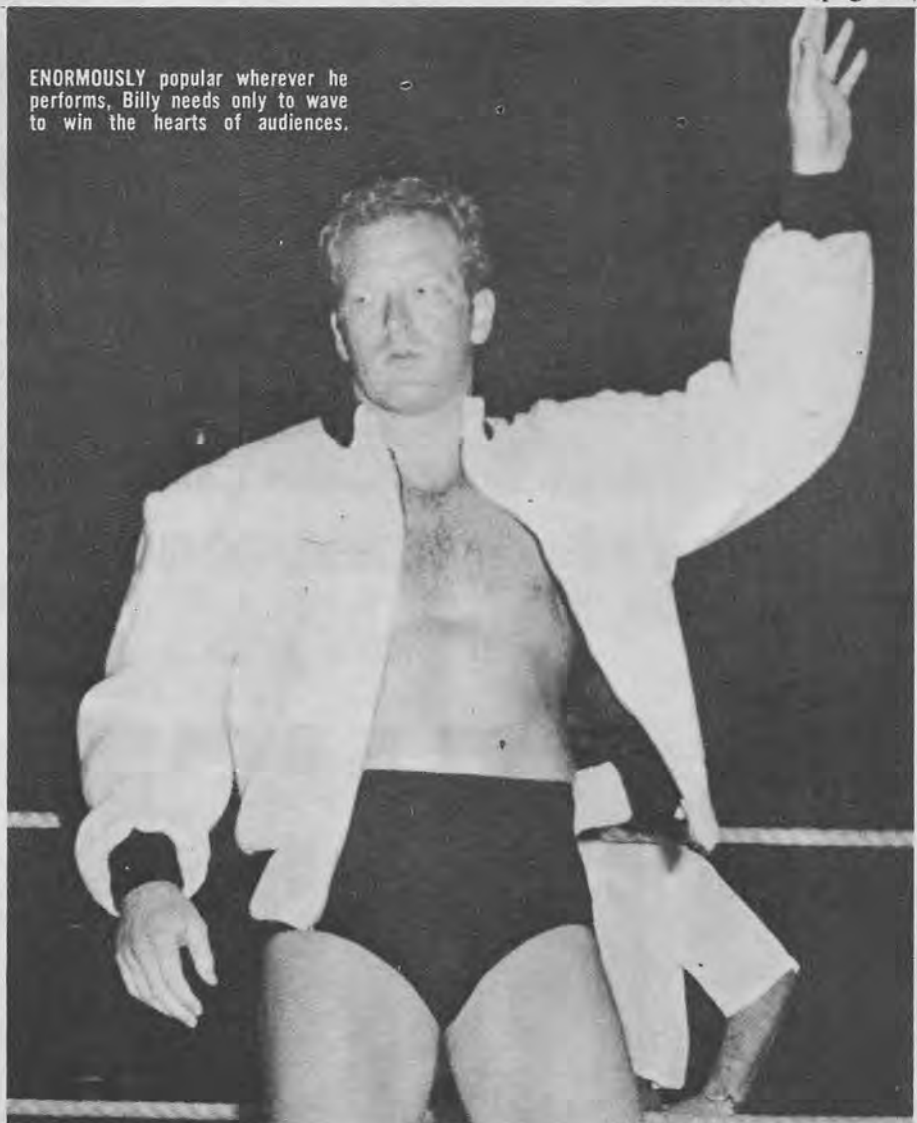
Opponents came and went—went quickly. Most of his activities centered around the Buffalo area and in succession he defeated such stars as Fred Blassie, Mike Valentino, Larry Hamilton, Chief Chewacki, Bull Johnson, Mike Benny and Jan Gotch.

The tag-team field started to appeal to Lyons and he teamed up with Ilio Di Paola. As a team they won the Canadian Open.

On occasions Billy teamed up with Yukon Eric and Bobo Brazil. As a team wrestler, he engaged in bouts against the Tolos Brothers, the Kalmikoffs and the Gallagher Brothers. None of the matches shattered any records or caused great furor, but they added to Billy's experience, and that experience added to the brightness of his future.

It might be well at this point to look back and see just what route Billy had taken to get on top. As a youngster, Billy's interest in sports was varied. He showed ability as a natural athlete, but wrestling

continued on page 80.



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OUTSIDE THE RING, DANNY HODGE IS A HIGHLY INTELLIGENT, ARTICULATE
YOUNG MAN; INSIDE, HE'S . . .

By Art Casper

DYNAMITE



THE ENORMOUS and powerful hands of Danny Hodge frame a ruggedly handsome, clean-cut face.

HIS headliner match with world's heavyweight champion Lou Thesz was almost seven hours away as Danny Hodge a soft-spoken Oklahoma farm boy, slowly sliced up a rare steak in a downtown restaurant. He deliberately chewed each small piece, washing it down with sips of iced tea flavored with saccharin.

"Holding my 210 pounds is no problem as long as I watch my diet," said Hodge. "The secret is to eat high-protein foods, and to eat slowly. I find my hunger is satisfied and my strength is maintained best this way. Now I won't eat again until after my match tonight. I want to be hungry and mean when I climb into the ring."

A few minutes earlier, Hodge was sitting on a couch in the lobby of a downtown Houston hotel, reading local newspaper accounts of his upcoming main event bout. He wore a neat business suit, white shirt with a button-down collar,

conservative tie and heavy, highly-polished shoes. Except for a cauliflower ear on the right side of his ruggedly handsome face, he could have passed for one of the traveling salesman who frequent the hotel.

A reporter and photographer ducked out of a cold drizzle into the busy hotel lobby, a few minutes late for an interview session with Hodge. Danny smiled and rose to introduce himself. The reporter cringed as he shook the hand that has publicly made apple-sauce out of a ripe, unpeeled apple, and has bent the handles of a pair of heavy steel pliers into the shape of a pretzel.

"I'm sure glad to see you," said Hodge softly. "When you're on the road as much as I am, it's always good to have somebody to talk to. How about lunch? There's a good restaurant down the street."

Lunch sounded fine, so the threesome strolled out of the hotel lobby on Texas

Street, through a heavy rain now, toward the restaurant. Hodge's new car, a blue one with Oklahoma license plates and a large "Oklahoma University" decal, affixed proudly across the length of the rear window, was parked in front of the hotel.

CHEERS, PLEASE

As they were led to a table in the crowded restaurant, several fans greeted Danny and wished him well on his bout with Thesz. Politely, he thanked them and said he hoped they would be on hand to cheer him on at the Sam Houston Coliseum.

By that time, it was obvious that there's nothing flashy about Danny Hodge—except his record. Out of the ring, he's a highly-intelligent, articulate young man who not only knows where he's going but is quietly confident he'll get there as well. He has a degree in industrial arts from Oklahoma, and he's a credit to his school.

In the ring, Hodge is dynamite. No wrestler in the world can come close to matching his record as an amateur and professional gladiator, and now he's only one step away from reaching his goal—the world's heavyweight professional championship. He already owns the junior heavyweight title, lifted from Angelo Savoldi three years ago, and his burning ambition now is to become the first man to hold the junior and senior heavyweight crowns simultaneously.

"God willing, I'll do it," said Danny as he looked over the menu. "Then I'll spend the next 10 years taking on all comers."

Hodge, a man with deep religious faith, has parlayed his tremendous physical strength and agility into a \$75,000-a-year career.

As one of the most sought-after wrestlers in the world, he is in a position to pick his spots and opponents. This spring, for instance, he's scheduled for a five-month swing of the Far East that will take him to such spots as Honolulu, Tokyo, Hong Kong and various places in Australia and New Zealand.

Before leaving, he hopes to get the builders started on his new ranch-style house at Perry, Oklahoma. It's a sleepy town of some 5,000 persons located about 70 miles north of Oklahoma City, and some 120 miles from Spavinaw, birthplace of another famous Oklahoma athlete, Mickey Mantle. Hodge was born and raised on a farm just outside Perry. He and his wife, Dolores, who have been married 13 years, were high school sweethearts. They have three children—Dan, Jr., 10; Linda Marie, 8; and Michael LeRoy, 2. The latter is named after his friend and manager, LeRoy McGuirk.

"The main room in the house will be a den, where I'll store my various trophies and awards," said Hodge. "I drew up the plans myself, but my wife had her own ideas and she's practically rewritten my plans. We hope to get started soon."

HOUSEHOLD WORD

In the state of Oklahoma, Danny Hodge is a household word, as popular as Mickey Mantle or any of the All-America football players produced by the University of Oklahoma. Collegiate wrestling is a major spectator sport at O.U., and Hodge is the greatest collegiate wrestler ever to have performed in a ring at Oklahoma.

En route to three 177-pound NCAA championships, Hodge won all of his 46

promptly won the National Golden Gloves heavyweight title in 1957.

"An oilman in Wichita talked me into turning pro as a boxer," Hodge continued. "My contract called for \$1,000 per month plus 50 per cent of the take after expenses for me. Well, I had 10 fights and got paid only about three or four times, and then it stopped. They started telling me expenses were so heavy it was taking all the money we made to pay them. I actually wound up owing money

trust anybody. I felt like I didn't have a friend in the world.

"After thinking it over thoroughly, I decided to go back into the sport I love most, wrestling. I have never been treated as wonderfully as I've been treated in professional wrestling. My faith in humanity has been restored, fans have been wonderful to me and the promoters have been most fair. And I'm making far more than I ever dreamed of making as a boxer."

Not especially big for a heavyweight, Hodge's strength comes from his rock-like hands, his quickness and agility. His favorite holds are the rolling cradle and flying body slam. He says he's trying to perfect the body slam which is designed to drive an opponent into the mat, like a peg being hammered into a pegboard.

Hodge was trained by Strangler Lewis and McGuirk, and he gives them and his college coach, Port Robertson, much of

PICKING COTTON AND SHUCKING CORN HAVE GIVEN DAN HANDS WHICH CAN MASH APPLES AND TWIST STEEL

bouts, pinning 36 opponents, including 20 in a row, a feat never before approached or since equalled in collegiate wrestling. He was voted the outstanding wrestler of the 1956 and 1957 NCAA meets.

Hodge, in fact, was a champion even before entering Oklahoma as a freshman in 1952. As a member of the Great Lakes Navy team that year, he won a National AAU title (at 19, the youngest ever to do so) and a spot on Uncle Sam's Olympic team. He also made the free style and Greco-Roman Olympic teams in 1956, losing the free style crown on a questionable decision in the finals.

Hodge has been a professional wrestler since 1959, after an ill-fated and short-lived stint as a boxer.

"My boxing career was the low point of my life and almost caused me to lose faith in humanity," said Hodge.

After graduating from Oklahoma, Hodge decided to try boxing—and he

after just six months in the business.

"My 10th fight was with Nino Valdes. I had surgery on my nose just two days before the fight. I didn't think I should go through with the fight, but they said too many tickets had been sold and they wouldn't let me get out of it.

"I knocked him through the ropes early in the fight. But when he knocked me down in the eighth, they told me to go to my corner and then they stopped the fight, although I wasn't hurt at all. There was something funny about that fight. I didn't know what to think, and I'm not entirely sure yet, but I didn't like the looks of it."

SICK AT HEART

The real blow was yet to come.

"When it came time to pay off, the promoters gave me their familiar excuse—expenses were so heavy there was nothing left for me. I went back home so sick at heart I could hardly stand it. I didn't



DETERMINATION marks Danny's attitude to game.

the credit for his success. Lewis helped him develop his strength with a special mechanical device, that resembles a cleaner's hat block. It is oblong in shape, about the thickness of a man's head and divided into two halves, connected by six thick steel springs lifted from an old Rolls Royce car. It takes 1,500 pounds of pressure to squeeze it shut. Hodge does it regularly with the ease of a small boy spinning a yo-yo.

In his own boyhood, however, Hodge had no time for such frivolous things as toys.

NO SILVER SPOON

He was born during the depression on a poor farm outside of Perry, Oklahoma. His father, William E. Hodge, has worked most of his life as an oilfield roughneck, atop 140-foot oil derricks.

"When I was eight years old," Hodge recalled, "our house burned to the ground. My mother was burned so badly that she was not expected to live. She

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DANNY takes on the best wrestling has to offer. Here he drops the great Lou Thesz to mat.

had 52 blood transfusions and many skin grafts, and she pulled through. All we saved from the house was a sewing machine and 50 pounds of beans.

"I moved in with an aunt and uncle outside of Perry and I was never allowed to go into town. We milked cows and picked cotton when it was 115 degrees in the shade. We shucked corn in the fall, and did all the other chores. After three years of this, I went to live with mother. I was 11 years old and I got a job in a poultry house.

"The first time I ever saw a wrestling match was when I was in the eighth grade. I went over to the high school gym to watch what I thought was going to be a basketball game. Well, they were wrestling and I watched with a lot of interest. The coach, John Devine, asked me if I'd like to try wrestling and I said, 'Okay,' even though I didn't know the least thing about it.

"I wrestled a week-and-a-half, and went to the state junior high tournament in Edmond. I took third place in the 137-pound division. I figured if I worked hard the next season, I would win and I did—at 145 pounds."

Hodge then recalled that his mother moved to New Mexico. Because there was no high school wrestling there, Danny stayed in Perry. Devine got him a job at a filling station and a place to sleep in the fire house. Besides winning the state high school 165-pound title his senior year, he was a standout tackle on his school's football team.

TOP OF THE WORLD

After a stint in the Navy, his fantastic career at Oklahoma, his unfortunate plunge into boxing and then his emergence as one of the top pro wrestlers, Hodge feels he's on top of the world.

"I love what I'm doing," Hodge said. "Oh, sure. Sometimes I get lonesome for my family when I'm on the road. But I get home whenever I can, and I talk to the family on the phone several times a week when I'm traveling. We all accept the situation, and we're thankful for what we have."

Hodge glanced out of the window and noticed the rain was letting up, but the wind was blowing and it was almost dark outside. He sighed and guessed he'd be spending a quiet afternoon in his hotel room, catching up on his correspondence and resting.

"I usually carry my golf clubs in the trunk of my car," Hodge said, "but I kind of figured I'd be running into weather like this, so I left them at home this trip. I love to play golf, or to hunt or to take long hikes in the afternoon. But today ... it looks like I'll stay inside."

A fan stopped by the table and asked Hodge to pose for a picture. He obliged, as usual, and then autographed a wrestling program for the fan's young boy.

"You know, photography is a real hobby of mine," he said. "I wouldn't take anything for the slides I have from my two Olympic trips. And I'm sure going to pack my camera for my Far East trip in the spring. I like to shoot a lot of scenic pictures, because I feel this gives me a real insight on the culture of the various countries I visit."

The waitress dropped the check in the center of the table. The reporter and Hodge reached for the check at the same time. Hodge wrestled the check away, left a generous tip, and walked toward the door to pay the cashier.

The reporter, convinced that grappling for a luncheon check with Danny Hodge is a losing proposition, thanked him for the interview and wished him well in his bout with Thesz that night. Hodge nodded his thanks. He stuffed his mitts into his pockets, jogged a half block down the street through a cold mist, and ducked into the hotel lobby.

Before a large and enthusiastic crowd at the Sam Houston Coliseum that night, Thesz retained his senior heavyweight title with an unpopular victory over Hodge.

But Hodge's day is coming; he's convinced of that. And when it does, he could have the whole wrestling world in the palm of his powerful right hand—for a long time to come.

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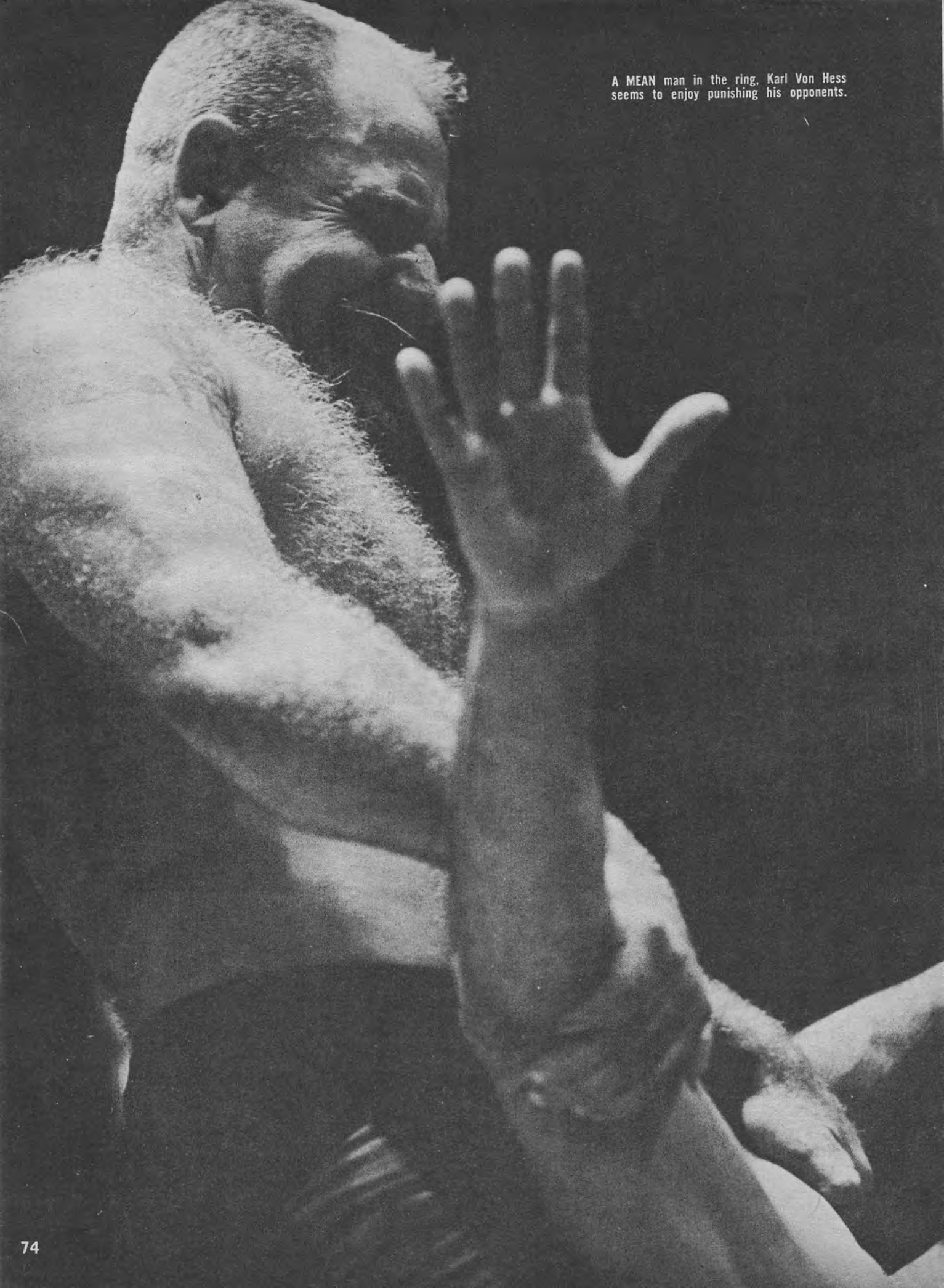
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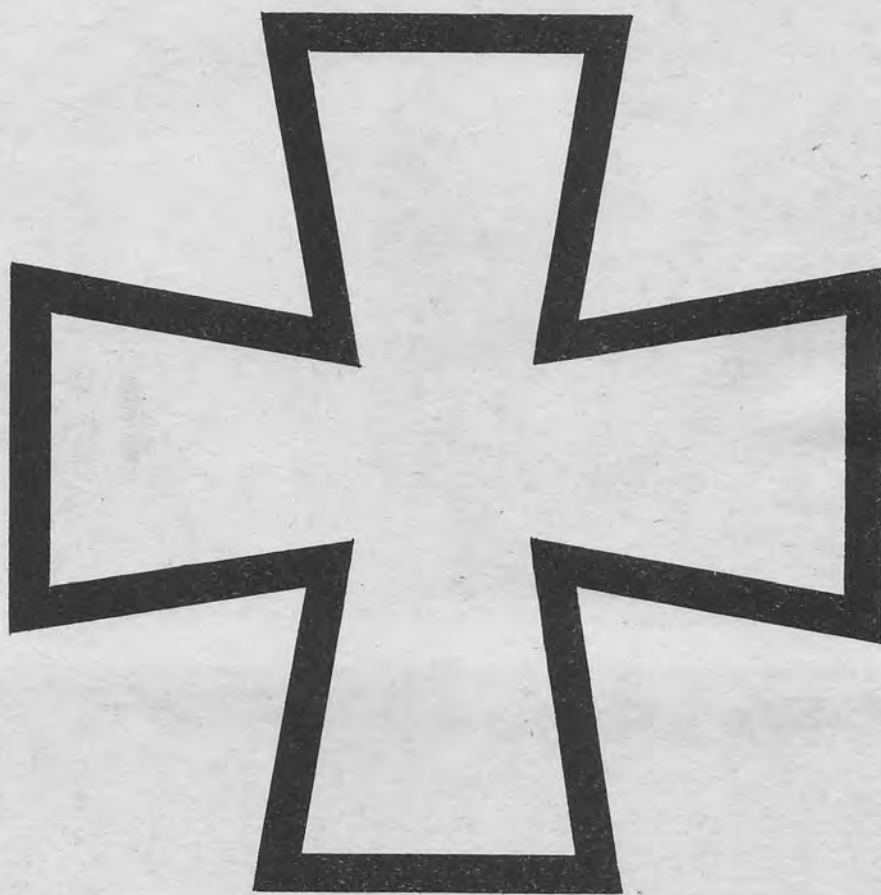
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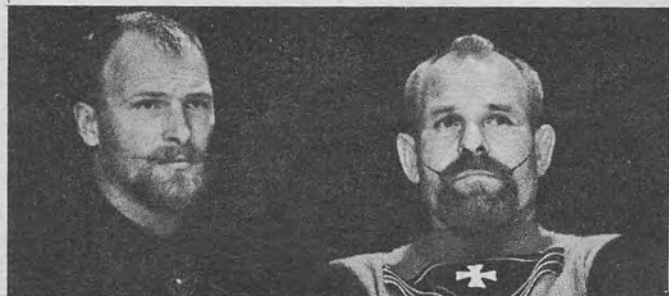
A MEAN man in the ring, Karl Von Hess seems to enjoy punishing his opponents.

THE VIOLENT WORLD OF KARL VON HESS



by Dale Phillips

SULLEN AND SILENT, KARL COMMUNICATES WITH THE WORLD THROUGH HIS BROTHER AND PARTNER, ADOLF



AS A NATION, Germany has produced many things. Some of them have been good, like sauerbraten, Wagnerian opera and Marlene Dietrich. Others have been bad, such as too much sauerbraten, too loud Wagnerian opera and too little Marlene Dietrich.

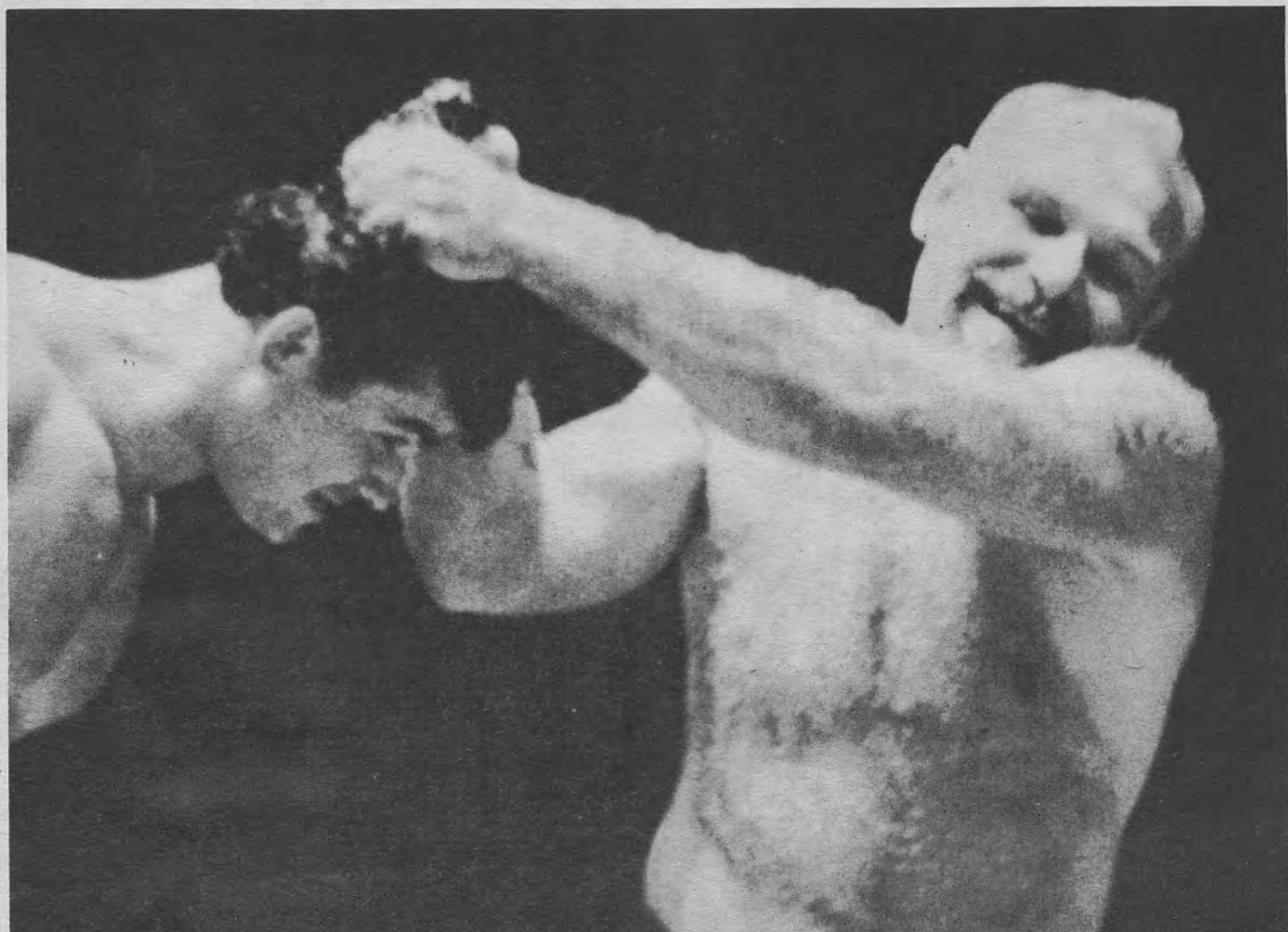
This points up one thing; good and bad are relative values, and, speaking of

relatives, Adolf Von Hess has a real terror in his brother, Karl. He's a German and a wrestler, and he's both good and bad. Adolf puts it this way.

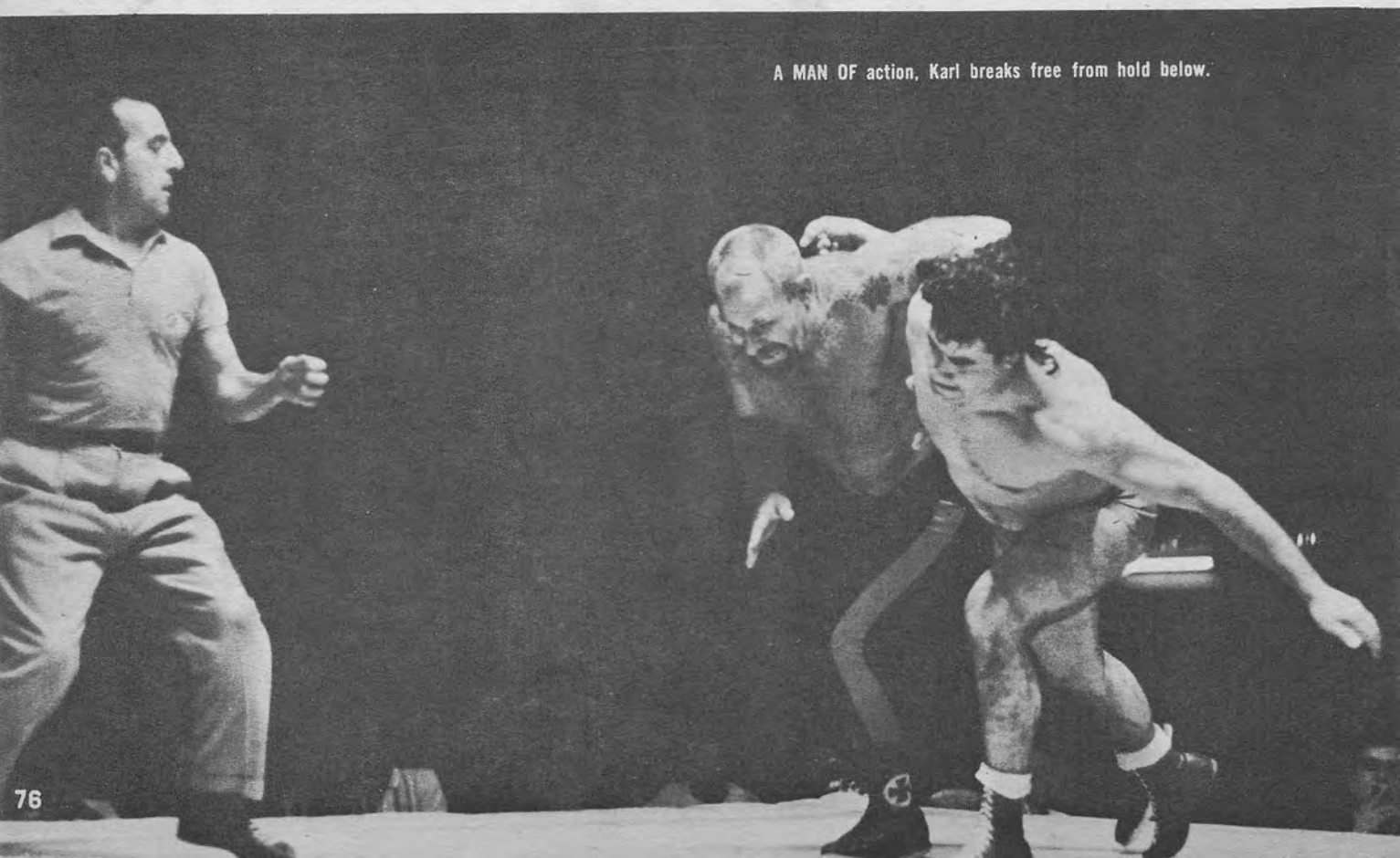
"There's absolutely no one who can defeat Karl in a death match," said Adolf. "He's just superior to everyone, both in and out of the ring, and that's why he has no use for people. He doesn't like

them and he doesn't trust them. That's what makes him so mean."

There's a lot more in that short statement than the reader might first suppose. For one thing, there is a good deal of truth, because Karl Von Hess is as capable in the ring as Werner Von Braun is on a launching pad. He's Messerschmidt-fast and storm trooper-mean. For another



NEVER LET it be said that Karl Von Hess splits hairs. He just rips them out by the roots as he gleefully demonstrates on hapless foe above.



A MAN OF action, Karl breaks free from hold below.

EVEN DOBERMAN PINSCHERS ARE TOO TAME FOR KARL. HE DOESN'T HAVE A GENTLE BONE IN HIS BODY," SAYS ADOLF

thing, Adolf speaks the words in a rather halting manner, but this is not because he doubts them. Fact is, he's a bit fearful of them and the man they are about. It is his unhappy lot to have to act as Karl's go-between with the world, and, next to meeting Karl in the ring, it has to be the toughest job in wrestling.

Adolf takes it on for a number of reasons: 1) Karl is his brother; 2) he is also his tag-team partner and it is a profitable relationship; and 3) chances are, he's a bit leery of Karl's reaction should he quit. Besides, at the time we caught up with the pair, Adolf was sidelined by a leg injury and Karl was working as a single to support the both of them.

He does very well as a single, too. Though short (5-9), Karl is a solid 220 pounds and, at 36 years of age, looks in far better condition than men 10 years his junior. (Adolf, incidentally, is eight

years younger than Karl.)

In the ring, Karl is a sort of one-man blitzkrieg. He has all the stock holds and executes them with typical German efficiency. His specialty is one of which any Hessian would be proud. It's called the "Iron Cross" and it is a wicked form of mat mayhem in which he spreadeagles his opponent so that he is helpless.

Aside from the technicalities of his style, there are two things which distinguish Karl's ring behavior. One is his speed, which is more than just a matter of lightning reflexes. It is relentless speed. In other words, he not only works quickly, but he never stops working. Fans may fault him for many things, but never for lack of action.

BRUTALITY IS A TRAIT

The second Von Hess trait in the ring is a tendency towards brutality. When presented with a choice of holds, Karl will unhesitatingly take the one which

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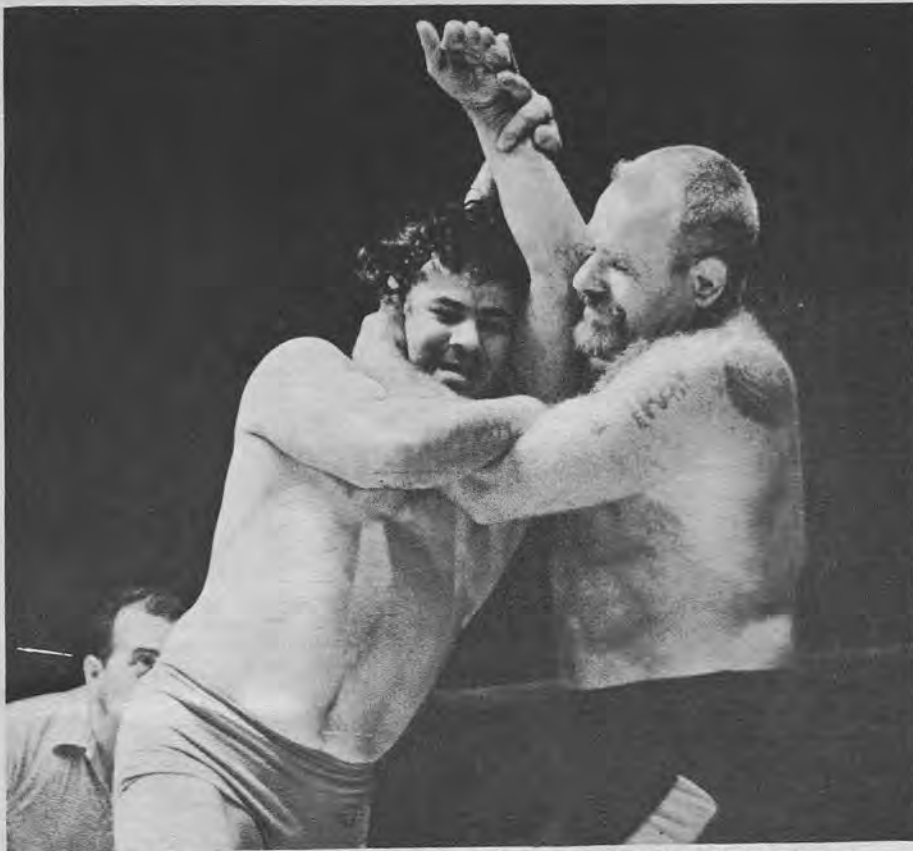
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IN CLOSE CONTACT, Karl is at his combative best. Here he uses skill to tie up opponent.

inflicts the most punishment. He is a wrestler who seems to enjoy causing pain. One might excuse this if Karl did it to make up for his lack of size. But Adolf claims this is not the case.

"When Karl goes into the ring, he's mentally prepared to literally destroy his opponent," said Adolf. "He doesn't like most matches here because there are too many rules which limit his action. He prefers a no-holds-barred contest, and likes nothing better than a death match. Anything less than this, is tame for him,

so he makes up for it by being mean."

"Is that your interpretation, or has he actually said that?" Adolf was asked.

"He's told that to me many times," said Adolf. His voice began to tremble, slightly. "Look, I have to be very careful about what I say. Karl doesn't like me to talk about him to anyone, much less reporters. If I make a mistake, he works me over real good. So, I have to make sure what I tell anyone is the absolute truth. Even then, he may work me over just for kicks."



ALWAYS ALERT, Karl tosses foe and gets set to move in fast.

One couldn't help wonder why Adolf accepted such treatment.

"It's hard to disagree with Karl," said Adolf, looking somewhat fearfully over his shoulder. "He's right so often that his superiority is evident. I listen to him, because he's all man, and he's my older brother."

They make a strange twosome, the Von Hess boys. They look a great deal alike, though Adolf is a few inches taller. They dress alike in the ring—their uniforms reflecting a Prussian motif—and they both sport finely-waxed mustaches. There are differences, however. Karl was born and raised in Germany, while Adolf, though born abroad, was raised in this country and speaks with a slight southern drawl.

"Karl speaks English," said Adolf, "but he prefers not to. He knows that very few people are intelligent enough to carry on a conversation with him so he just keeps quiet, and I do the talking for him."

"It must be inconvenient in the little everyday things in life," he was told.

"It is," said Adolf. "When we go into a restaurant, I have to order the meals, and when we go on the road, I make all the arrangements. The same holds true if we go into a store to buy something. He picks out what he wants, but I have to do all the talking with the salesman."

"It is really simpler that way. Karl has no patience with incompetence. His standards are so high that very few people can measure up to them, and, since he is quick-tempered, he is always getting into arguments. Then I have to restrain him, and that's harder to do than doing all the talking in the first place."

FINGER-BITING FAN

Unfortunately, Adolf can't talk his way out of the scrapes Karl gets into with wrestling fans. Then the two have no alternative than to fight their way out. A couple of times, they almost didn't escape.

"The fans seem to sense their inferiority when they see Karl," said Adolf. "Once in Cleveland, someone busted his head open with a steel chair. I got a broken jaw the same night. A fellow took to Karl with a knife once, while another time one went crazy, just like a mad dog, and bit off the end of Karl's finger."

"It seems like a hard way to make a dollar," he was told.

"For anyone not as strong and talented as Karl, it would be," said Adolf. "But he's fully capable of taking care of himself in the ring. He has what most people call a 'killer instinct' and it makes him all but impossible to beat."

"It would probably be safe to say, that he doesn't have a gentle bone in his body. I've never seen him show kindness to anyone or anything. Once I tried to get him to buy a dog, but the meanest one we could find was a vicious Doberman Pinscher, and even it was too tame for Karl."

If the world of Karl Von Hess sounds

like a violent one, it is. He was born into a family with a stern Prussian tradition of duty and self-denial, and he was educated in the hate-atmosphere of Germany in the '30's. This background has left its scars, and he is a man apart.

"Karl doesn't discriminate against anyone," said Adolf. "He just hates everyone, regardless of their race, creed or color. You may not like it, but he's honest about it."

"Still, it must be tough to have to constantly apologize for the man," Adolf was told.

"It's not easy," admitted Adolf somewhat reluctantly, "but then I don't feel it's really a matter of apologizing. Karl is right so often that there is no need for an apology."

"The fans don't seem to think he's right."

"Those jeers and boos don't mean a thing," said Adolf. "People have jeered and laughed at great men all through history. Why should they change now?"

There are quiet moments, however, in the life of Karl Von Hess. These are usually spent with Adolf, away from wrestling arenas, away from crowds, away, simply, from people.

The two work out together most every morning, running, climbing rope—if there is a gym handy—and doing exercises. When there is a break in their schedule, they take to the woods where they both enjoy hunting and fishing. When weather and geography permit, they take to the water and do a lot of scuba diving. In short, they are an active pair. But, regardless of the activity, Karl is the leader, Adolf the follower.

"Karl is a physical marvel," said Adolf in an almost reverent tone. "He's as hard as a rock and keeps himself in top condition at all times. It makes it hard on me, because I have to keep up with him. He supervises my training, and he's very strict. But I go along with him, because I know that if I can do just half of what he can that I'm in great condition."

"I figure I'm a match for any man, but I know I'm no match for Karl. For one thing, he's immune to pain. He can withstand anything. I can't. He's too strong for me, too, even though I'm bigger and younger."

"I figure that in his condition, he can go on wrestling almost indefinitely. He'll be around long after I've retired, and I don't have any plans to quit for a good long time."

DEMAND CONTINUES

Certainly the demand for the Von Hess boys doesn't figure to drop for some time to come. Their drawing power is not based simply on a "hate" image. They have talent, too, and a championship to prove it. Last year, they toured Europe, were a big hit in Germany, according to Adolf, and also walked off with the International tag-team championship.

"We've never lost a match as a team,"

said Adolf, "and as long as Karl tells me what to do, and I'm physically capable of carrying out his instructions, I don't see why we should ever lose."

"That's why I listen to him. I know if I do, that we will win. I know he's wiser, and will never permit us to get into a match where our title will be taken from us by trickery. He's not very trusting in that respect. Fact is, he'd sooner trust a snake than a human being."

"He seems to trust you," Adolf was told.

"He does and he doesn't," said Adolf. "He lets me do things for him, but he keeps a close check on me. And if I make a mistake, he lets me have it. Believe me, it's not easy being the younger brother of a great man."

"Doesn't sound like much fun either."

"No, it's not fun," said Adolf. "But it's a privilege."

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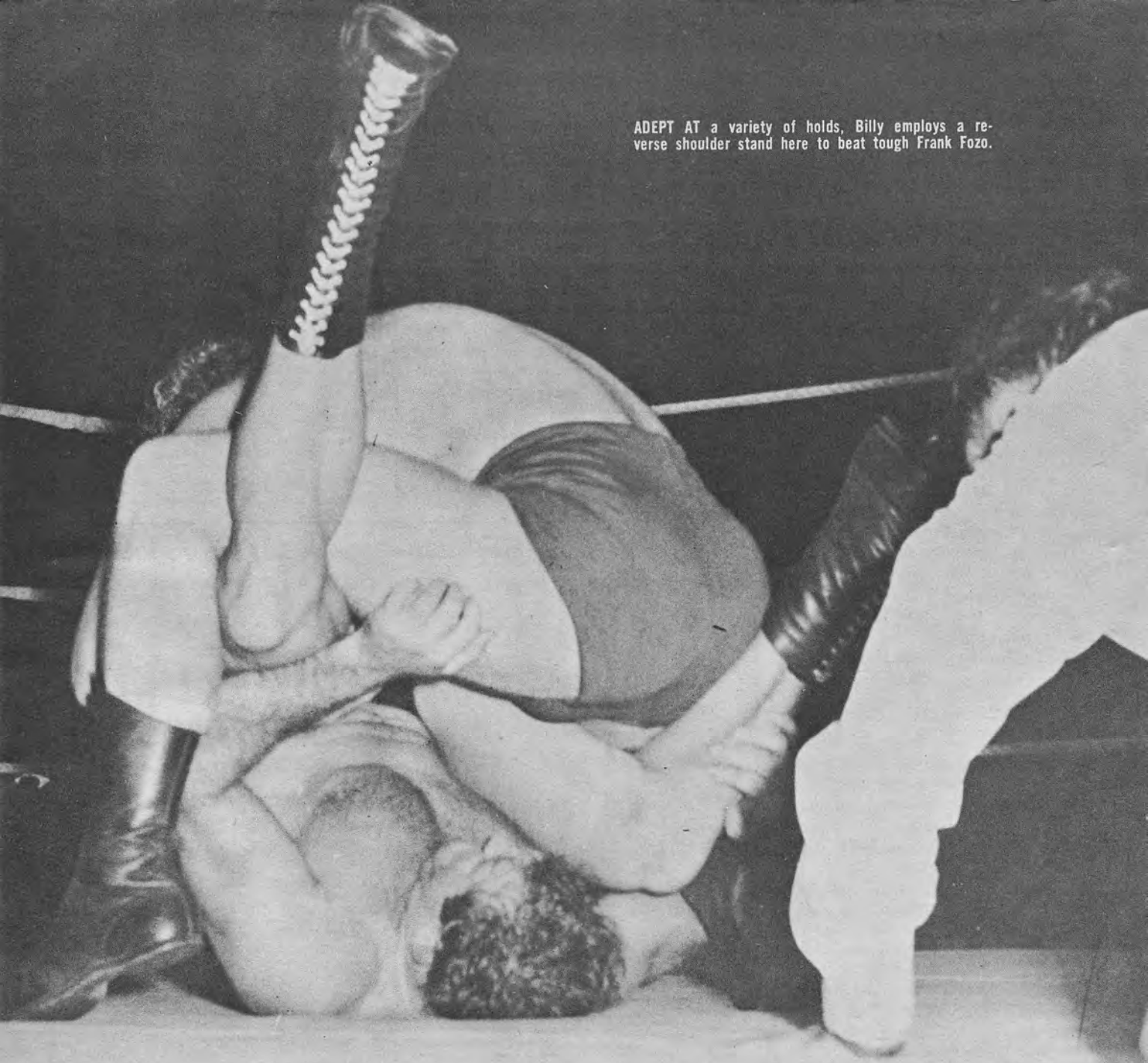
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ADEPT AT a variety of holds, Billy employs a reverse shoulder stand here to beat tough Frank Fozo.

LYONS

had the strongest personal appeal.

For three years he wrestled as an amateur, most of the time while a student at West Dole College in his home town. His success led him to take a long look at the professional field. "Honest" John Katan, who held the Canadian heavyweight title as a youngster, got together with Billy. Katan started to undo what was wrong and strengthen what was right. The "old man" even went so far as to climb into the ring with Billy.

The training was intense and as Katan put it, "separating the amateurs from the pros is like separating the men from the boys." Katan finally turned him loose in late '54 and the campaign took them back and forth across Canada and up and down the Maritime Provinces. There were

equal shares of good and bad nights; big and small pay checks; hash houses and the best of hotels.

Billy wasn't going up, nor was he going down. He was a very busy man, standing still. About this point Martinez came into the act—and the rise really started.

Martinez refused to "baby" Billy, and each match got progressively tougher; each paycheck got a little bigger and the "name" wrestlers were beginning to appear in the opposite corner.

"HARD-KNOCKS" CIRCUIT

Billy tells the story this way: "There are many ingredients needed in this business to get ahead. And those ingredients must be mixed together with the finesse of a master chef.

"I got a lot of experience on the 'hard-knocks' circuit. You meet everything and everybody in that league. Either you learn

or you don't. I think a man has to be pretty balmy to keep this up year in and year out and not learn something.

"Then I met Martinez and that has been a mutually beneficial operation. He gave me a great opportunity—real great. On the other hand, I have levelled with him all the way.

"Personally, wrestling has done much for me. I like it and plan to stay in it until either age or injury forces me to quit. I hope it will be age. At the moment however, I intend to carry on with the same enthusiasm as in the past."

That's just what he's doing. At the moment he's back up in his own neck of the woods where he is a big attraction in such cities as Hamilton, Toronto, Brantford and other cities in the provinces.

However, he frequently returns to Buffalo. Recent bouts under Martinez

have seen Billy resume his "Hatfield and McCoy" feud with Hans Schmidt. In a solo it ended in a draw, but when teamed up with Seaman Art Thomas he beat Schmidt and The Beast.

Billy and Tony Marino also beat the team of Schmidt and the Great Mephisto in 23:52.

While the past has been gratifying it has had its share of disappointments. The biggest according to Billy was during the World's Wrestling in Buffalo. The then champion of the world—Pat O'Connor—was at the end of the elimination line. And Billy almost reached him.

First, Billy disposed of the formidable Cowboy Bob Ellis. Next came a decision over Ilio Di Paolo and then in the semi-finals he threw Doc Gallagher in 1:25 to qualify for the finals—the winner to meet O'Connor.

This threw Billy against Sato Keomuka who had disposed of Waldo Von Erich, Mike Gallagher and Hercules Romero. Keomuka, although obviously in trouble three or four times, met Billy in a head-on collision—an accident true, but painful to both men. The big Japanese revived first and fell across Billy's body. He just lay there as the referee counted to three.

It was the biggest disappointment of

Lyon's career. With just a break he would have had a shot at the crown.

THESZ IS TOPS

But Lyons will continue because of the understandable philosophy that if the opportunity comes again he'll be ready—mentally as well as physically. He has a deep respect for Lou Thesz, who has held the title six times. "Thesz, of necessity, must be regarded as one of the all-time champs," says Billy. "His remarkable record not only proves his greatness, it also proves that he has been a major factor in keeping wrestling on a par with other sports. Still, if he can be had, I'd like to try him. After all, if he won the title six times, he had to lose it five times."

Currently, Billy spends a lot of his free time hunting and fishing and keeping in shape. Even when he has no immediate bout scheduled he'll spend a couple of hours a day around the gym just working up a good sweat. He watches his diet with everything except steaks.

But as he sits and watches a lure float on a trout stream he wonders about the future. Will he someday get his hands on the title? Will he even get a chance to try for it? When? Where?

Many a fan thinks he'll make it. Billy Lyons knows he'll make it.

BRUISER-CRUSHER

gered and crawled to Bruiser's assistance. By now, the Russians were groggy, too. Blood was streaming down their faces as Crusher landed an elbow smash on Karol. Another elbow smash dropped Ivan. Then in the melee the press table was upended and Karol was the victim of a knockout blow by Bruiser as he lifted the table far over his head and allowed it to drop on Karol.

Knocked unconscious, Karol was tossed back in the ring by Crusher. Karol was unable to continue after a 60-second count and Miles raised the arms of Crusher and Bruiser in victory. The crowd went berserk. Even the anti-Bruiser-Crusher forces cheered. And, when the fallen Russians climbed from the ring, they, too, were given an ovation because of their game-ness.

Fans, young and old, patted the conquering heroes on the back and sought to touch them on their way to the dressing room. Neither Crusher nor Bruiser seemed aware of the reception. Blood was streaming down their faces, they were wobbly on their feet and dead tired.

DRESSING ROOM LOCKED

Williams unlocked the dressing room door and Crusher ordered a case of beer. Five minutes later the beer was delivered and again the door was locked.

A crowd of close to 200 milled outside. After 40 minutes only a handful of the faithful remained. One was the elderly elevator operator, another the cab driver.

It was exactly 53 minutes after the match before Crusher and Bruiser walked out of their dressing room. They were

wearing solid white sport shirts and different sport coats. They ignored some 10 fans seeking autographs and leisurely sauntered toward the exit. The cab driver led the way and the elevator operator followed. Crusher had a bandage on his cheek and Bruiser two on his head, one on his chin.

"Back to 'the joint,'" Crusher told the cabbie and gave him the address.

The "joint" was a skid row saloon. Most of the patrons wore ill-fitting, dirty jackets, but they weren't old or feeble. The place was clouded with cigarette smoke and there was a distasteful aroma. At times it was almost impossible to breathe. But the obnoxious atmosphere failed to bother Crusher and Bruiser as they were surrounded by admirers.

Suddenly two giants—weighing about 260 and standing about 6-5 pushed their way in front of Crusher. "We've been waiting for you two guys to show up," said the younger of the two. "Didn't think you had the guts..." Crusher never gave him a chance to utter another word as he landed a right-hand punch to his heckler's jaw, dropping him to the dirty floor. Bruiser grabbed the other man and tossed him into the arms of Crusher who clipped him across the face with an elbow. "Get out of here before you get hurt," Crusher growled as he held the intruder by the jacket.

The Crusher's first victim slowly lifted himself to his feet and made a lunge at Bruiser who met him with a judo chop across the back of the neck. Again he went down and this time Crusher picked him up, carried him through the door and

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dropped him.

"Don't let the bum come back to the bar," Crusher ordered. As Crusher started back to join his friends, Bruiser had the second intruder by the seat of the pants and was marching him to the side exit.

A BEER RINSE

Back at the bar, Crusher grabbed a big glass of beer and emptied it over the head of Bruiser. "You were great, partner. I saw you clip that guy when he was trying to hit me from behind."

The drenched Bruiser only laughed. "I didn't even hit him hard," smiled Bruiser. "You mean those guys are supposed to be tough?"

The crowd began singing and Crusher announced the drinks were on him. Women were conspicuous by their absence as the crowd celebrated the victory.

Crusher interrupted the singing with a 81

BRUISER-CRUSHER

command to be quiet. Then he related in detail how the Russians had been destroyed. When he finished the crowd gave another cheer: "You're the kings, you're the kings," they shouted.

Crusher and Bruiser emptied five king-size glasses of beer and, after shaking hands with their admirers, headed for the door.

Outside, Crusher took a deep breath of fresh air and challenged Bruiser to a race to the corner. Bruiser begged off, claiming his right leg was injured. "One of those Russians tried to break it off," Bruiser said, as he leaned down to massage it.

The next stop was a well-lighted, spacious night club. The air was clear, the patrons well-dressed and a friendly atmosphere prevailed. Some of the men wore bowling shirts and the others were neat and clean-shaven.

Crusher was a popular figure at the bar. Fan after fan shook his hand and all were introduced to Bruiser. The bartender immediately placed two big beer mugs in front of the "heroes" and filled them to the brim.

"You are my favorite bartender," Crusher said with a smile. "Look at the

foam on his beer. It's the best, chilled perfectly."

A LA ARTHUR MURRAY

Crusher and Bruiser waved to some fans in the booths. After nearly finishing his mug of beer, Crusher moved to a nearby table and indicated he would like to dance. When one of the girls leaped to her feet, Bruiser nonchalantly walked to the juke box and dropped in a coin. With his big glass of beer in his hand and a cigar in his mouth, Crusher held his blond partner tight around the waist. She squealed with delight. Crusher proved he was a master on the dance floor with a series of intricate steps. When the music stopped the crowd gave him a hearty round of applause. Before Crusher could return to the bar, a pretty brunette asked for a dance and Crusher obliged.

"I am better than Arthur Murray," Crusher told his dancing partner. She nodded agreement.

Crusher finished the dance and the husky bartender poured a couple of more bottles of beer into the giant mug which looked small in his powerful hands.

Even Bruiser seemed to be in a festive mood as he watched Crusher dance. His eyes twinkled and his smile was friendly, but he didn't move out to the dance floor.

He was content to talk to his admirers at the bar and watch Crusher move from table to table, shaking hands.

Beer and conversation flowed freely, but finally the lights blinked on and off and the bartender said: "Time to lock up."

As the dozens of customers moved to the exit, most of them stopped to shake the big hands of the two wrestlers. The bartender offered to drive them back to their hotel, but both said a long walk would iron out some of the kinks in their muscles put there by the Russians. "We have to stay in top shape," laughed Crusher.

It was a long, 10 blocks back to their hotel. At times Crusher and Bruiser jogged along beside each other.

In the hotel coffee shop they ordered two shrimp cocktails, a special steak and healthy helpings of cottage cheese. They ate slowly and in silence. When they finished they purchased three Sunday papers, checked their stock of cigars and headed for the elevator. The clock showed 3:10 a.m. when the door of their room closed behind them. And though Crusher and Bruiser looked like they could still go a fall or two, their companion was exhausted. It had been a long day.

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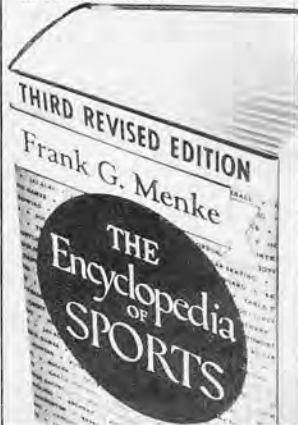
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